

The Grail

A National Popular Eucharistic Monthly

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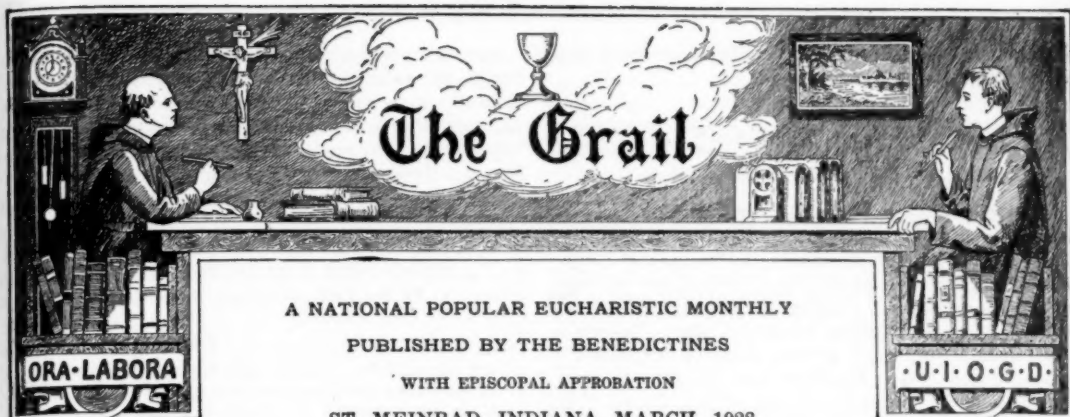
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Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

International Eucharistic League

The International Eucharistic League, which is placed under the Holy Ghost for the union of Christendom, has a threefold object: (1) union and harmony among all Catholics; (2) the return of Protestants to unity with the Church; (3) the conversion of the rest of mankind—Jews, Mohammedans, heathens, in fact, all non-Christians.

To attain the threefold end for which the I. E. L. is striving, members of the League will make—for the intentions of the League—a brief daily offering of all Masses and Holy Communions of the whole world. Moreover, if they wish to practice the first degree, they will receive at least one Holy Communion and assist at one Mass each week for the intentions of the League; if they practice the second degree, they will offer Holy Communion and assist at Mass once a month for these intentions. These practices do not bind under sin.

Jesus, my God, I adore Thee here in the Sacrament of Thy love.—(Indulgence of 100 days before the Tabernacle; 300 days at Exposition).

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Prizes for Short Stories in 1928

In the past few months we have been calling attention to the handsome prizes that the recently-established "Catholic Literary Awards Foundation," when once complete, would be enabled to offer for the best literary productions: poems, short stories, articles, books, etc. Now comes word that the executive board of the Catholic Press Association, (at its meeting in January at Chicago,) decided to make the initial awards for this year, and that even though the Foundation is still far from completion. The amount agreed upon for this year is \$500. This will be distributed as follows: \$25 for the best poem; \$50 for the best article; \$75 for the best short story appearing in a Catholic paper or periodical; \$50 for the best editorial; \$100 for the best Catholic novel; \$100 for the best literary work on apologetics; \$100 for the best literary work of general character of special interest to Catholics.

This is encouraging. As time goes on, the awards will be increased. Efforts will be put forth to complete the foundation as soon as possible. Thus far we have received two Life Memberships. Five is our quota. Are there not among our readers some others who would like to take out a life membership in the Catholic Press Association? The gift of \$100 will do it. Memorial memberships for those who have departed this life will also be acceptable. Memorial memberships may be easily established by societies, sodalities, clubs, and other groups. In this way the individual gift will not be a burden to anyone of slender means.

The Pope "Pius X Memorial Membership," to which attention is called below, is open to receive gifts of such as desire to help establish it. Therefore, if you do not feel that you can take out a life membership, yet would like to help the cause along—and you have no opportunity to assist in taking out a memorial membership as suggested above—send your gift to us for the "Pius X Memorial Membership." A blank is given below for your convenience.—By helping to complete the Catholic Literary Awards Foundation you will en-

courage Catholics to write and at the same time help to develop Catholic writers.

The Liturgical Life

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

What do we mean by the liturgy? Briefly, we may define the liturgy as the Church's official worship of God. This comprises especially the Mass, the Divine Office, and other public functions. What do we mean by the liturgical life? Living the liturgy. How may this be? One very simple answer is this: Become a Benedictine. But this is getting ahead of our theme.

Benson has a very beautiful book, among his other beautiful books, entitled "Christ in the Church," in which he shows that the life of the Church in her history has been the story of the life of Christ. In another way, however, the Church also lives the life of Christ, His Blessed Mother, and His saints, and that is in her liturgy. For the yearly cycle of feasts which she celebrates and reenacts, causes Christ and His saints really to live again among us.

But to live this life with the Church we must take part personally in this divine worship. This requires not only one's presence at the various functions, but also a greater or less intelligence of what is going on,—an intelligence which will engender a devotion and an intimate union of our souls with the soul of the Church. And it is this union of soul that should be our principal objective, for upon it depends the reality of our living the life of the liturgy.

We must understand, first of all, that when the Church celebrates a feast—say Christmas—she does more than merely observe an anniversary to call back to our minds the event that transpired so many centuries ago. Christmas is more than a mere commemoration of the birth of Christ. No, the Church would have us feel that on this day, each year, Christ is born: she really lives again the birth of Christ.

Now, in thus living again the birth of Christ, the faithful should do two things: reenact the sweet drama of that event and partake of the graces which the Christ Child comes to bring. And the measure of our participation is the measure of our union with the liturgy.

With what subtle beauty and art is that drama portrayed! Words, music, action are combined in a holy and dignified way that surpasses anything ever staged for human amusement. The words are principally the divinely inspired words of Holy Scripture in missal and breviary, the music is the Gregorian chant which prays as exquisitely as it sings, and the action is the strictly regulated action of the sacred rubrics observed in the Solemn Mass, the public chanting of the Office, and in the other holy functions.

All this is in itself, of course, productive of grace. But think, too what holy and sublime emotions it arouses in the soul; how it raises us up from mere earth to heavenly glory; how our hearts and spirits will vibrate in unison with the sentiments and aspirations of Christ's Spouse, the Church.

And all this goes on in an endless cycle of seasons, feasts and octaves, endless as the wheels of a majestic chariot whose course, like the chariot of Elias, conducts nowhither but to heaven. What a blessed thing, then, is the liturgical life,—blessed and happy. Each day is a *feria*, a day of rejoicing; for even when we

(Continued on page 487)

APPLICATION FOR LIFE MEMBERSHIP in the Catholic Press Association

Date.....

As an evidence of good will toward the Catholic Press Association and desirous of cooperating with it in its endeavor to create a permanent fund, to be known as the CATHOLIC LITERARY AWARDS FOUNDATION, please enroll as a Life Member

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sorrow and mourn with Christ suffering, it is sorrow in God which invariably is lifted with the sudden dramatic swiftness that bursts upon us with the sweep of Angel throngs proclaiming *Gloria in Excelsis* or like the earthquake that tells us He is Risen!

As is well known, the liturgical life is preeminently the life of the Benedictine. He is bound by rule and vow to prefer nothing to this *Opus Dei*,—the Work of God, as St. Benedict terms it. To live this life publicly in the Church and to inspire the faithful to holy things by this life has ever been the apostolate of the Order. And it is with the purpose of continuing this apostolate in a humble way through the pages of THE GRAIL that we propose in the following months, with God's help, to pick morsels of Holy reflection from the great banquet of the month's liturgy and set them before our readers. And may God grant our readers to partake in large measure of the delights and graces assured to all who strive more and more towards this holy life, this life in the liturgy.

A Perilous Sick Call

Narratives of the perils of mission life, whether in the jungles of Africa, on the ice fields of Alaska, or elsewhere, grip the reader and fill him with a thrill. The following description of a sick call in the far North, related by Rev. Edward J. Cunningham, S. J., we take from *The Indian Sentinel*, an attractive and interesting quarterly published by the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions at 2021 H St., Washington, D. C.

The Yukon was not yet entirely frozen over. A dying native, eight miles away, desired to have the priest. A mile of my journey lay across the partly frozen river. Arriving at the bank of the river, my companion who had brought the message, armed himself with a six-foot pole, one end of which was bound to a steel spear. Before stepping on the ice my guide leaned forward and thrust the steel into the ice. No water appeared, indicating that the ice was strong enough to bear our weight for a few steps at least. This testing was repeated many times. Often the spear went through and then we quickly back-stepped or side-tracked for firmer footing. During these operations I kept a discreet distance from my companion, and when my mind was not on the heavenly Guest reposing on my breast, I was noting the trail and setting up little sticks to act as landmarks for my return journey. We zigzagged across the river, managed to reach the distant bank without a wetting, and in a short time was in the humble cabin of the dying native. Fervently the sick man received the last Sacraments and with deep devotion prepared himself for his journey to eternity. When ready to return to the mission, I thought I would have no trouble in following the trail I had made, so I started out alone. But I had not figured on the wind and the darkness. No difficulty was experienced till I was some distance out on the ice. Here the gale had full sweep, and I noticed my tracks had been covered over and the sticks I had so carefully set up had been swept away. I had no spear, and, to make matters worse, darkness, which

quickly follows sunset in this country, was fast coming on. To go back was as dangerous as to go on; to remain was to freeze. I did not even have a flashlight to blink an S. O. S. to the wireless operator who lives on the bluff at the U. S. Government station. Knowing that the rough ice was the safest, I steeped lightly over the jams till I was brought to a halt by open water. Then quickly doubling back and turning, I tried the ice in another direction, always working toward the shore. Finally the bank loomed up. I quickened my steps and with a spring landed on the shore as the ice gave way under my feet. Were my knees shaky? A little. Did I say a prayer to my good angel guardian? I did. But it seemed to me that I had many guardians on that trip. The heavenly hosts who guard the Lord of Hosts I bore on my person, carried us safely home. On top of the bank I met Father Superior and one of the Brothers, equipped with lanterns, setting out to look for me. The tremulo was out of my knees when I reached the mission, the incident was quickly forgotten amid the duties of my large mission family, and I was ready again to face the long white trail at a moment's notice.

When you have received the Blessed Sacrament, withdraw within yourself, and collect all the faculties of your soul to adore this Sovereign King, and relish by a lively faith the spiritual refreshments which this divine Food produces in your breast.—St. Francis de Sales.

Steps to the Altar

DOM HUGH G. BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

15. Christ's Constellation

The shadows at full length bespake
Day's ending; unto evensong
We added Mary's beads, then long
Gazed through the casement o'er the lake.

The crossbar stood out black before
That sunset glory till 'twas night,
Then five new stars with sheen most bright
Sparkled and glittered more and more.

There stood a star to left and right
And two were quiv'ring close below,
While towards the centre was a glow
Of dazzlingly effulgent light.

'Twas not the Swan, with wings outspread
Spanning the Milky Way across;
Nor could it be the Southern Cross
Whose course in other climes is led.

We felt the rays of purest grace
Piercing and comforting;—'twas o'er
By daybreak, but the crossbar bore
Four Nails,—were they the Saviour's trace?

A Grave Obligation

Holy Communion at least once a Year at Easter

ANSELM SCHAAP, O. S. B.

IT was Ash Wednesday. Amid the blue curls of smoke that ascended in a cloud to the ceiling in the lobby of the Ashmore Hotel Bill Jackson sat puffing away at his Havana. "Thank God! that's that!" he chuckled.

"What is giving you such supreme satisfaction, Bill?" inquired Frank Devoy, a fellow traveling salesman.

"That's right, Frank, you are a Catholic too,"

Bill replied with a beam of joy still on his face. "You know I made my Easter this morning and I find such great relief in the thought that the thing is over with once more."

"Why, Bill!" objected Mr. Devoy, "I hope that you are not one of those proverbial 'Easter lambs.' A practical and zealous Catholic cannot be content with the very minimum. How can you make your Easter duty now? Unless a change has been made in the regulations, you have to wait at least till the first Sunday of Lent, or my name isn't Frank Devoy."

Dismay was painted on Bill's countenance at this verdict. To vindicate himself he beckoned to the steward and laid the question before him: "When does the period for the fulfillment of the Easter duty open?"

"Not a difficult matter to settle," boasted the steward, "especially since Father Gilbert read to us the Lenten regulations just last Sunday. He said expressly that we had exactly eleven weeks to perform this duty, that is, from the fourth Sunday of Lent until Trinity Sunday inclusive."

"There, Bill," exclaimed Mr. Devoy triumphantly, "you are even farther away now."

"Since Bill's face did not express conviction, the ever-accommodating steward held out to

him another straw by his call to a fourth man: "Hey, Fritz, come here. You are always posted in Church laws. Can you tell us definitely when the Paschal season is?"

"Vell, in the old country where I come from," Fritz drawled, "ve chust got two weeks for de Eashtern duty. Dat runs from de Palm Sunday to vhat dey call de Low Sunday."

"Worse and worse," interrupted Bill.

"But," continued Fritz, "dem Aushtrians in Wien dey got de whole of Lent till Eashtern and den from Eashtern till Treenity Sunday."

"Ha! ha!" ejaculated Bill, "I may be safe after all. We are just as good Catholics as 'dem Aushtrians in Wien' are."

"Ah," bantered Devoy, "you old fox, don't feel too sure of your ground yet."

"Gentlemen," interposed the genial steward again, "I promise you to have definite information on your next call. Father Gilbert, our pastor, has frequently aired similar difficulties for me."

* * * * *

"Certainly!" was Father Gilbert's reply when the steward had

explained his suit. Then he added jestingly: "I think I shall have to establish a chair of catechetics in your hotel lobby or have a permanent missionary on hand to conduct a question box."

"It could do no harm," assented the steward. "Of course all the Klan guests would predict that on their next return they would certainly find the Pope himself on the chair and in charge of the box."

"Let it go at that," the priest continued. "Now as to your information. In the early centuries the common practice of the faithful was



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to receive Holy Communion whenever they assisted at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Hence daily Communion was the vogue. When the fervor of Christians began to cool, the Church saw herself obliged to pass laws to the effect that the faithful must communicate at least at Christmas, Easter, and Pentecost. Thus the Council of Agatha (506) and that of Tours (813). A synod of Albi in France as late as 1254 still insisted on Communion to be received by the faithful under its jurisdiction on these three feasts. At the so-called Fourth Lateran Council (1215) the law of Easter Communion proper was passed. It decreed that anyone of the faithful who had attained the use of reason must at least once a year confess his sins to his own priest, perform the penance imposed, and receive the sacrament of Holy Eucharist at least at Easter. The Council of Trent (1551) confirmed this decree. The new code of the Canon Law (1918) promulgated it anew."

"But, Father," broke in the steward, "why did the Church just take to Easter time?"

"Because it is the season in which we commemorate the bitter passion and death of our Lord. According to St. Paul one of the chief purposes of the Holy Eucharist is the announcement of the death of Christ until He come in person to judge the world."

"Father," hinted the inquirer, "our real bone of contention is not yet removed."

"Oh, you mean the precise duration of the period for the fulfillment of the Easter duty?"

"Yes, Father."

"Well, under Malcolm III, king of Scotland and the husband of St. Margaret, a national council was held stressing the pious custom of receiving our Lord in a body on Easter itself. Pope Eugene IV declared in 1447 that the Easter obligation may be satisfied within the two weeks beginning with Palm Sunday and ending with Low Sunday. This law is in effect today. However, the bishops are authorized, if they see fit, to extend the time from the fourth Sunday of Lent to Trinity Sunday. This faculty was used by our bishop. Moreover, the privilege of extension may even go farther in the United States. The Fathers of the Second Council of Baltimore (1866) petitioned Rome to prolong the season so that it might last from the first Sunday of Lent to Trinity Sunday. Rome at the time made this concession and it may be made use of by the bishops even now. Hence Mr. Devoy's answer to Mr. Jackson. Mr. Devoy, as I know, lives in a neighboring diocese where as in many other dioceses the period for the Easter duty begins on the first Sunday of Lent. Your friend, therefore, did not make his Easter by receiving the sacraments on Ash Wednesday."

"I thought that we were right," asserted the

steward. "It seems to me too that he should have made his Easter at home."

"Not necessarily," remarked Father Gilbert in defence of Mr. Jackson. It is true according to the wording of the old Canon Law, Easter Communion had to be received in one's own parish church. The new code does not demand this, but advises it, and if one does not receive Holy Communion during the Easter season in his own parish he should inform his pastor that he has made his Easter duty."

"One more question, Father."

"Very well."

"How old must a person be before he is bound by this law?"

"The law is quite explicit. It binds all Catholics who have come to the use of discretion and Canon Law presumes this discretion at the age of seven years. As to the children the obligation rests principally on those who are responsible for them, that is, on their parents, guardians, confessors, teachers, and pastor. In connection with this your question I should like to relate what a priest of Brixen in Tyrol wrote concerning the fruits which a child in that vicinity derived from its Easter Communion. At the time of a conflagration the child became lame so that it was unable to walk. All medical remedies were futile. On Maundy Thursday it had to be carried to the Communion railing and back. On that very day the child begged its mother to stretch its feet slightly. Instantaneously the child was able to walk, run, and leap. The next morning it took an hour's walk to Brixen to attend the services of Good Friday. The priest who relates this says he himself saw the child."

"Father, such examples always serve as a stimulant to my faith."

"Here is another, also from the experience of a priest—a Paris prison chaplain—a case which should sound a note of warning."

"I shall welcome that too, Father."

"The chaplain assembled all the Catholic convicts and reminded them of the Easter duty. All heeded the admonition except one young lad of seventeen years. His cold reply was: 'I have given the matter thought but I am not prepared for confession.' On being told that the confession would be made easy by the chaplain, who promised to aid him, the youngster persisted: 'No! no! not this year, next year.' All efforts of the zealous chaplain proved fruitless. The next day the chaplain had occasion to visit the prison hospital. Whilst passing through the ward, to his surprise he perceived among the sick the very lad who had refused to make his Easter on the previous day. The chaplain began to bombard him with his questions: 'How's that? Yesterday you appeared hale and hearty and to-day I find you among the sick.' There

was no reply. On approaching the bed he realized that all was not well and immediately he summoned a doctor and a nurse. 'Oh,' said the nurse, 'there can be nothing serious. He has been here but an hour.' When the doctor arrived he pronounced the poor boy dead. The priest stood at the bedside speechless and in his ears rang the echo of the boy's 'next year.' But the wretched lad's very next day was the day of eternity."

"Shocking, Father, shocking!" was the comment of the steward. "But the instance suggests another question to me. Suppose he would have deferred his Easter duty till after the prescribed time would he have been free from all obligation until the next year? Or would the case be similar to that of fasting? You told us one time that when the day is over the obligation does not survive on the next day."

"No, the matter in question is different. If for any reason one has not made his Easter duty within the prescribed period, he is still bound by the precept. In that event the commandment must be complied with as soon as possible and one may not wait until the next Easter time."

"I understand, Father. But let me make another supposition. If he had listened to the chaplain and had received Communion, but unworthily, would the Easter duty as such have been satisfied?"

"No! no! no! A sacrilegious Communion can never be regarded as a fulfillment of the Easter precept. It is repugnant to good sense that such a Communion should satisfy the law. On March 2, 1679, the Church expressly condemned the contrary opinion."

"I am not yet satisfied, Father."

"What is your difficulty?"

"Could the lad be buried from the church?"

"This query is more difficult to answer. The old law was explicit in this respect. It excluded from Christian burial anyone by the very fact that he culpably failed to comply with the Easter precept. The new law denies the privilege of ecclesiastical burial to public and manifest sinners who die without signs of repentance. The question is: must the lad be branded as a public, unrepentant sinner? We may abstract from the crime which occasioned the imprisonment, for we know nothing of its nature. Regarding the neglect of the Easter duty a reliable commentator holds that, when the omission of the Easter duty continued for several years and when it is known to the faithful that he has been guilty of serious neglect, he is to be regarded as a public and manifest sinner, and unless he has repented he has no right to a Christian burial."

* * * * *

The next week the hotel register again showed the names of Bill Jackson, Frank Devoy, and Fritz Stein. The steward awaited his opportunity to hand down the verdict in Jackson's case of the Easter Communion. Jackson took the matter good-naturedly in spite of Devoy's bantering. The whole lobby reechoed with laughter in response to Fritz's final comment: "Ya, ya, Beel, I knew all de time that you vas wrong."

The steward volunteered to relate how a young Savoy maid received her Easter Communion in Geneva in 1597.

"By all means, we want to hear it," was the unanimous challenge.

"It was Good Friday. All Geneva was astir, hastening to St. Peter's Church to hear the renowned Theodore Beza, Calvin's friend, preach at the evening service. At a certain inn all followed the call of the bells except a young maidservant of Savoy. She sat alone in the corner of her room whilst bitter tears flowed down her cheeks. She thought of her own church in her native village, of Holy Communion she had so often received on Maundy Thursday, and of the gripping ceremonies on Good Friday. Now she had become an orphan and was found alone in the city of Calvin. She had no complaint against her master and mistress, save her difficulty in getting to Mass and Holy Communion. For some time she had ventured in secret to the neighboring town of Sacconay to satisfy her religious cravings and obligations. But now her mistress took sick. Jacobina, such was the maid's name, felt that she had to nurse her. Hence there was to be no Easter Communion for her this year. "On Easter Tuesday three strangers stopped at the inn. The maid at first spoke to the trio on indifferent subjects. But when she overheard them use her own native dialect of Savoy she became more attentive. She now was certain too that she had somewhere seen the one who was evidently the leader. He impressed her forcibly by his clear-cut features, his dignified bearing, his pale face and full dark beard. Ere long he retired to his apartments.

"When the other two were alone they spoke more freely. The one said to the other: 'God grant consolation to our lord. How much time and anxiety has he not bestowed on that hard-hearted Beza. Whilst thousands of others have yielded to the grace of conversion, nothing could be accomplished with this obdurate man.'

"'But,' replied the second, 'he has at least conceded that the Catholic Church is the Mother Church, and besides, he has declared that he was praying daily to God that through His mercy He might lead him back in case he has erred. That's at least a beginning.'

"That means little," was the reply. "Our good lord has experienced small consolation here in Geneva. If we, moreover, recall to mind that there are only five Catholics in this whole city and that no one is able to find them, isn't that enough to rob anyone of all his courage?"

"In the meantime the leader knelt in his room and prayed. His eyes rested on a silver capsule which lay before him. The next morning there was a gentle knock at his door. It was Jacobina. 'I beg your pardon,' said she, 'for intruding on your Reverence, but do me the favor of permitting me to ask you a question. Three years ago there was a public dispute on religion out on the Mollard Place. The preacher Lafaie disputed with a Catholic priest and got stuck. I too was in the audience and rejoiced at the outcome. I pray you, tell me, were you not the one who silenced the preacher?"

"The man thus questioned still hesitated and cast an inquiring look on the maid. But she urged further: 'I beg you, in the name of the Mother of God, have the kindness to tell me.'

"If you ask a question in such a name," responded the stranger, 'I must reply. Yes, I am the man?"

"Oh, then," the happy maid pursued 'you are the holy man who brought half of Chablais back to the faith. You are the noble lord, Francis de Sales of Annecy, God be blessed.'

"I too praise God," replied the Saint, 'for it is He that has allowed me to find a faithful lamb amidst an erring flock. I see that you belong to the Catholic faith and if I mistake not you hail from Savoy.'

"Yes, Your Reverence," rejoined the girl, 'and since you are a priest I beg for the privilege to make my Easter confession to you. Then I have done at least what was possible.'

"Jacobina confessed to the Saint. He confirmed her in her resolution to be of further assistance to her ailing mistress. He predicted, moreover, that within a short time she herself would be secured in a safe and holy refuge where she would serve her Lord without anxiety.

"Then he ordered her to prepare for Holy Communion. Filled with joy and surprise she questioned: 'Am I to receive Holy Communion? Why there is no one here to serve.' She thought that Holy Mass was first to be celebrated.

"Have no care, the angels will perform that task. It is their Lord that I am to administer to you.' The holy priest took from his bosom the silver capsule before which he had adored in the previous night. 'Here,' said he, 'are five Hosts for the five Catholics who have remained loyal to their faith in this city of Geneva and to whom, too, with the grace of God I

am to give the Bread of life. You are to receive only half a Host so that I may have enough particles for all.'

"Amid tears of joy the happy Jacobina received the body of the Lord. Her Good Friday too was followed by Easter in her heart. The Saint made a thanksgiving to God with her because amidst his trials and persecutions in Geneva He had given him such a consolation in this poor, loyal, faith-strong maiden. By means of the girl's knowledge of the city the Saint and future bishop was soon able to discover the remaining five Catholics to whom he distributed the Sacred Particles and who were thus enabled to fulfill their Easter duty. Those who know the Saint's further life are aware of the fact that Jacqueline Coste entered the Order of the Visitation founded by him."

"Well," commented Bill Jackson, "if priests and good Catholics make such sacrifices to administer and to receive Easter Communion, I shall gladly go to the sacraments again so as to be sure of having made my Easter."

"I say, happy fault!" exclaimed Mr. Devoy. "Ya, ya!" corroborated Fritz.

"Why, it may make a frequent communicant out of Bill," supplemented the steward.

"Let us hope so!" resounded as a harmonious echo from all and thereupon the little group disbanded.

The Seamless Tunic

KATE AYERS ROBERT

When the years of the exile were over
Back to Nazareth came the three,
To the lowly, plain homestead of Joseph
Where they dwelt,—earth's blessed Trinity.
There the children, in bidding them welcome,
Brought not gold or bright oriflamb,
But a gift that their hearts, still untainted,
Had suggested,—a new-born lamb.

In the springtide, each year after shearing,
Would the Mother lay carefully away
The soft wool of the fleecy, brown lambkin
For her Son's little tunic some day.
It was still in the days of His childhood
That she wove, from the top and throughout,
A brown tunic for His daily garment
That was seamless, and ne'er should wear out.

For it grew in the years long that followed,
E'en as He, so the records say,
Till the "soldiers drew lots for his vesture,
And His tunic was diced away.
But the kindness of Helena, empress,
Caused the relic so precious to stay
With the treasures of Treves' grand cathedral,
Where men venerate it to-day.

The Social Value of the Mass Liturgy in Latin

SR. MARY ALEXINE, S. C.

WITH the Church as our guide, in the Mass liturgy we traverse the cycle of the ecclesiastical year while she presents to us in panoramic view the landmarks of Christian civilization. It is only through the medium of Latin that we can feel and breathe most vitally the throbbing, pulsating life of those myriads of heroes and heroines who built up a new social order on the ashes of pagan Rome.

The liturgy, especially that of the Mass, is, therefore, the means used by the Church from the beginning to civilize and refine the masses; and she couched her liturgy in Latin that it might possess unity and dignity as well as an unchangeable character. "The Latin tongue," then, "offered to the Church a marvelous engine of legislation and government fitted for the administration of her vast society."—(Ozanam, Frederick—*Christian Civilization in the Fifth Century*, I:97.) It was through the liturgy, especially that this language functioned to weld the heterogeneous masses of humanity into one harmonious whole. The

missionary priests of the Catholic Church bore the Latin liturgy and her Vulgate to convert and civilize the brave Helvetii; the German bands of the Rhine to the Vistula and the tribes of the low countries amid the marshes; the Scandinavians amid the mountains, cataracts and forests to the rugged hills of Caledonia, to the rich island of Erin, even to the Orkneys, Iceland and Greenland. The word of God went to all these in Latin and that tongue was in daily use among them all.—("Civilizing Western Europe," *Catholic Quarterly Review*, XVI:92. 1891).

This citation gives us the very sublimation of the social values of the liturgy, for,

1. Through it a pagan world, embracing all nations, was elevated, not to the "ranks of the four hundred," but to the elite of social aristocracy—brotherhood with Christ. "So we being many, are one body in Christ, and everyone members one of another."—Rom. 15:5.

2. Through the Latin liturgy man was given the assurance that he is on a perfect equality with all his fellow men. "For there is no distinction of the Jew and the Greek; for the same is Lord over all, rich unto them that call upon him."—Rom. 10:12.

3. Man was accorded the means by which to

conserve this admirable society, viz., the liturgy and particularly the Holy Mass; and in addition he was given a Divine guarantee against its dissolution. "And behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."—Matth. 28:20.

The texts just quoted, while implying primarily, spiritual brotherhood with Christ, refer also to man as a social being; for man is destined by nature to live in society, and the mission of our Lord upon earth would have been incomplete had He not furnished him with means adequate for living most profitably with his fellow being. Were this not so the words of the Master would have been pointless when He bade us pray, "Our Father" (Matth. 6:9) and not "My Father"; also when He said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" (Matth. 22:39). Dom Prosper Guéranger also recognizes the liturgy as a means for christianizing and civilizing society. We read in his "Defense des Institutions Liturgiques" that the liturgy

Elle est chez eux la consolation de l'homme prive le lien de la famille, la plus sacree des formes sociales. . . . Si cette etincelle demeure impuissante a ranimer le corps social c'est parce que l'influence de la Liturgie quotidienne est nulle, et cette influence est nulle, parce que cette Liturgie elle-même est incomprise.—"Lettre a Monseigneur L'Archeveque de Rheims." *Defense des Institutions Liturgiques*, p. 22.)

One particular fact stated by Dom Prosper Guéranger deserves attention, viz., that the liturgy besides being a social influence is also characterized as a "daily" power for good. By this he evidently means the transcendent value of the Holy Mass—the soul of the liturgy. He further maintains that this spark—"etincelle"—(of sacred fire) has failed to revivify society because it has been allowed to become void; and it is void because it is not understood. The obvious conclusion is this: social renaissance can be brought about only through the liturgy; and the liturgy can yield abundant fruit for the good of society only when it is understood and appreciated. Actual participation in the "daily liturgy," then, is the means most conducive to this end.

In all citations made on the liturgy there is an implied reference to the Holy Mass, since the liturgy without it would lose most of its

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significance. Hence, whatever has been said of social values as characteristic of the liturgy, applied with greater force to the Great Drama which is the center and life-giving source of all liturgy.

It is then with the study of the Mass, as a source of spiritual life, inducing and fostering the sense of social consciousness that we are at present concerned.

That the Holy Sacrifice should stimulate and cultivate kinship of spirit and bind Christians more firmly in the bond of union is evident from the nature of the Mass itself. On the altar of this second Calvary Jesus Christ, the Head, offers Himself by the hands of the priest for every member of His mystical body. And this mystical body is not a mere "aggregate of individuals, but a corporate person." (1 Cor. 12:12.) The communal character of the Mass is shown by the prayers, e. g., "Offerimus" (we offer), "Orate Fratres" (Pray, brethren), "Sursum Corda" (Lift up your hearts), etc. The student of Latin senses this communal idea through the very terminology of the Latin plurals; he has a clearer concept of the social character of the "Great Project," as Rev. George Johnson, Ph. D., calls it, and he realizes more fully his responsibility of carrying out in actual life its lessons in sociology.

It is evident that if the Church built up a civilization by means of her Latin liturgy, particularly the Mass, then the surest and most direct route to a social renaissance is the study and participation of the Mass liturgy in Latin.

First, it is the surest route, because the Church alone is the divinely constituted teacher of mankind: "Going therefore, teach ye all nations. . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."—Matth. 28:19,20.

Second, it is the shortest route, because Latin is the official language of the Church and through it we come into immediate contact not only with her divine lessons, but also with the spirit which permeates them. Latin is, if you will, the "direct current" from the Divine battery—Truth itself.

Wherein Lies the Greatness of the Christian Woman?

REV. ALBERT MUNTSCH, S. J.

THE Sunday Supplements and the Magazine Sections of some of the great dailies have of late been telling American Women how to go about "making a career." We are informed that some women have attained eminence in literature, especially in the writing of

fiction, some on the stage, others by means of their voice, others again in political and in public life.

But to hold out these careers, worthy though they be, as the best paths to womanly greatness, is unwise. After all few have the gift of expression, or of voice, or acting ability to such a degree, as to rise out of the multitude to enduring fame. Fortunately there are other and safer paths to true greatness. And fortunately, too, some voices have been lifted of late in praise of the "ordinary woman." And it is pleasant to record that the movement towards sanity in the discussion of the vexed "woman problem" has proceeded from woman herself. Ten years ago Elizabeth M. Gilmer wrote a splendid apology for the "ordinary woman," of which the editor of the "Cosmopolitan" said "No writer, of any period, ever presented so sympathetic and human a pen picture of what we often unthinkingly term the "ordinary woman" as has Mrs. Gilmer. She wrote: "I wish I had the distribution of some of Andrew Carnegie's medals for heroes. I would give one to just the ordinary woman. It is true that she never manned a lifeboat in a stormy sea, or plunged into a river to save a drowning person. It is true that she never stopped a runaway horse, or dashed into a burning building, or gave any other spectacular exhibition of courage."

She has only stood at her post thirty, or forty, or fifty years, fighting sickness and poverty and loneliness and disappointment so quietly, with such a Spartan fortitude, that the world has never even noticed her achievements; and yet, in the presence of the ordinary woman, the battle-scarred veteran, with his breast cov-

(Continued on page 498)

Ave Maria

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

Nature draws her sombre mantle
Round her as she sinks to rest.
Wrapt in prayer, her vigil keeping,
Kneels the Virgin Mary blessed.

"O ye heavens, send your Manna,
Rain, ye clouds, your saving Dew,
That will wash sin from all mortals
And earth's face again renew."

Quickly comes from God the answer
To this humble, ardent prayer.
With a message from the Father
Gabriel greets the Virgin fair.

"Full of grace" he hails her, trembling,
Blushing as she bows her head:
"I am but God's lowly handmaid,
Be it done as thou hast said."

Have You Met Her?

MYRTLE CONGER

"OH, how-do-you do, Mrs. Brown!... Do sit here at this table with me and we'll have our lunch together. I was just wishing someone would come in that I knew so I'd have someone to talk to while I'm eating.

"Yes; this is a nice little Tea Room. I nearly always lunch here when I'm down town. They always have such nice broiled chops here. I ordered lamb to-day. It's delicious. Don't you want to order some?

"What?... You say this is a day of fast and abstinence? Why, this isn't *Friday*. It's only *Wednesday*.

"Oh, *Ash Wednesday*, and the beginning of Lent?... That's right, it is—isn't it? I remember now, Father Darcy did announce it last Sunday at Mass, but I'd forgotten all about it. We Catholics have such a lot of fast and abstinence days and things to remember,—don't we? No wonder we forget them sometimes. But then you know it isn't wrong if you forget. Why, I've already eaten one chop. I might as well eat the other one now,—don't you think so?

"But I don't like to leave it,—they're so expensive—just because I forgot about this being *Ash Wednesday*.—Why, I cooked bacon for breakfast this morning, and I know John didn't think about it either. But then you know husbands usually expect their wives to remember those things.

"Well, yes; that is a good idea—keeping a Catholic Calendar by the kitchen cabinet. Aunt Margaret sent me a Catholic Calendar for Christmas, but I don't know what became of it, now.

"Oh, does the Catholic book store give them away for advertisements?... How nice! I think I'll have to get me one sometime.

"Of course I don't really keep the Lenten fasts myself. I'm really not able to fast. It always makes my head ache. And then with all my housework and all I have to do—I really couldn't be expected to fast.

"Well, maybe you have more strength than I have. Some women are stronger than others. I'm not very strong. Besides, you haven't such a big house as I have to take care of.

"Well, then, I wouldn't think you would be able to fast, either. You don't have to fast if it hurts you, you know.... Dear me, I wish I didn't have to leave this other chop. I believe I'll order something else. What else is on the menu anyway? Let's see.... There's baked beans. I believe I'll order some baked beans.

"Oh, that's right. They would have meat in them, wouldn't they? I wasn't thinking about that. I wonder what I can order then? There's pudding with cream sauce. I think I'll order that. I have to have something to eat, even if it is a fast and abstinence day.

"What are you doing down town this afternoon?... Don't you want to go with me to the Style Show at the *Elite*? They're showing a line of new Paris frocks.

"Oh, the meeting of the Daughters of Isabella this afternoon to see about raising funds for the children's ward at the new Catholic hospital. I'd forgotten all about it.

"No; I don't belong to the Daughters any more. I went out of it. I really don't care about such things at all. Besides, it's so expensive. In addition to paying the dues, they're always asking for extra money for something or other. Last year it was the Dollar Club for the new addition to the school. Now it's the hospital. I think a dollar is a lot of money myself. Isn't it awful the way we Catholics are assessed for everything, anyway? I call it the high cost of charity.

"I'd rather go to the Style Show. I want to see what they're showing before I buy my new Easter frock.

"Yes; that's what John is always saying. I'm one of those women who never have any thing to wear. But I'll tell you—though I don't like to admit it—I'm heavier than I was. It's perfectly dreadful isn't it to take on extra weight that way? I have to study my styles. We women like to keep our youthful figures as long as possible,—don't we? Why, when I first began to gain—last year, that was—one of the clerks in the Bon Ton where I went to buy a frock actually asked me if I'd tried on any of their stylish stouts? Did you ever hear anything so impudent? I told John about it, and he teased me a great deal.

"And what was worse, I kept right on gaining. I decided it was time to do something about it. I wasn't going to be called a 'stylish stout' by anyone.

"Yes; that's just what I did do. I tried a diet. I sent for one of those new diet books that I'd seen advertised by Professor Blankwitt. You know the book—*Painless Reducing*, it's called. It cost three dollars.

"Yes; that was rather expensive for just a book, but then I thought I'd better reduce by scientific methods, as the book said.

(Continued on page 503)

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Saint Benedict and His Order

BENEDICT BROWN, O. S. B.

ON March 21, in the year 543, there passed to heavenly glory from the summit of Cassino's holy mount in Italy "Benedict, the beloved of the Lord, standing in the oratory, fortified with the Body and the Blood of the Lord, supporting his failing limbs on the arms of his disciples, with hands upraised to heaven and a prayer on his lips. Having breathed forth his soul, he was seen ascending to heaven on a path strewn with garments and brilliant with innumerable lights."—Antiphon.

Thus passed away the great servant of God. But his spirit, incorporated in the rule that he bequeathed to his disciples, was to live on and on and be a guide to countless souls on the path to life eternal. The work of sanctification, which he began in the cave at Subiaco, was continued at Monte Cassino. That work was destined to last throughout the ages.

Fourteen hundred fruitful years have elapsed since St. Benedict planted the tiny seed that has now grown into a vigorous and hardy vine with branches encircling the globe. Various orders have branched off from the parent stock; founders of other religious societies have based their rules on that of St. Benedict, who calls his rule merely a "small commencement of a regular life." Even emperors have found in that rule the principles of legislation that were serviceable for whole nations.

In the course of centuries the ancient Order, which, like the Church, is ever youthful, has seen nations come into existence and pass out again, has seen maps changed time and again. In that time, too, nearly all the other religious orders and congregations have arisen as need demanded. But, unlike the more modern bodies of religious, who form provinces with frequent change of members from house to house, each Benedictine abbey is entirely independent of the other. At the time of St. Benedict there was a certain class of men whom the saint calls "gyrovagues,"

that is, tramp monks, who spent their lives making pious pilgrimages from sanctuary to sanctuary, or better, as someone has aptly put it, from kitchen to kitchen. At each monastery they were received kindly and treated hospitably during their stay. To obviate any such thing in his monasteries, St. Benedict set down in his rule that his monks should make a vow of stability, to preclude their roaming about at will.

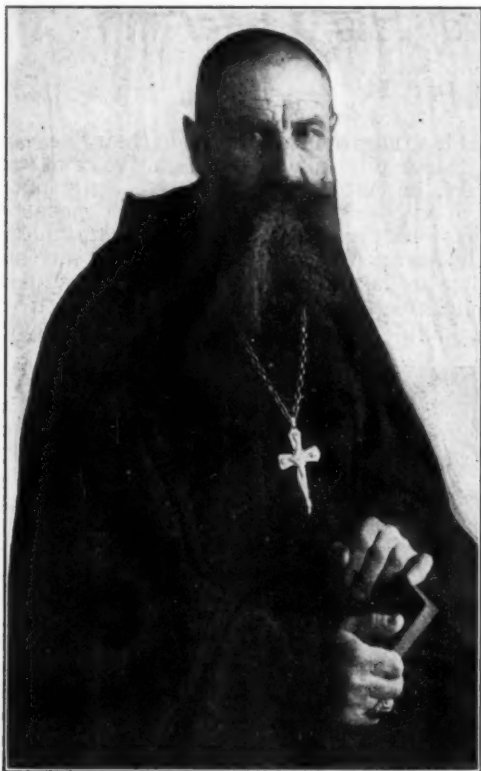
Although the Order does not form provinces, yet, for the sake of greater uniformity, the Benedictines are now divided into Congregations with an Abbot-President at the head of each, and, over all, an Abbot-Primate who is elected for twelve years with residence at Rome. The office of Abbot-Primate dates from 1893 when the abbots met in convention at Rome to form a Benedictine confederation. The election held at that time resulted in the choosing of the Abbot of Maredsous in Belgium, Rt. Rev. Hildebrand de Hemptinne, O. S. B. His immediate successor in office is the Rt. Rev. Fidelis von Stotzingen, O. S. B., formerly Abbot of Maria Laach in Germany, now filling his second term as Primate of the whole Order. After the Eucharistic Congress at Chicago it was the pleasure of his children in America to have Father Abbot-Primate in their midst for upwards of nine months. At the time of the Eucharistic Congress in Montreal the first Abbot-Primate, Hildebrand de Hemptinne, visited the North American Benedictine foundations.

There are fifteen Congregations of Benedictines, who for the most part are divided according to the countries in which they live. The following are the names of the Congregations ranked according to the time of their foundation:

- (1) The Cassinese Congregation, which comprises twelve abbeys in Italy.
- (2) The English Congregation, with five abbeys in England (Downside, Ampleforth, Woolhampton, Fort Augustus in Scotland, Bel-



ST. BENEDICT
Statue of the Saint in the
former Abbey Church of
Erdington, England



DOM NORBERT WEBER, O. S. B.
Archabbot of St. Ottilien

mont), and two priories in the United States.

(3) The Hungarian Congregation, with five abbeys in Hungary.

(4) The Swiss Congregation, with four abbeys in Switzerland and one in Austria.

(5) The Bavarian Congregation, with ten abbeys and two priories in Bavaria.

(6) The Brazilian Congregation, with four abbeys and one priory in Brazil.

(7) The French Congregation, with six abbeys in France and one each in England (Farnborough), Luxembourg, and Holland, besides a priory in Mexico and seven foundations in Spain, Canada, Mexico, and Argentina.

(8) The American-Cassinense Congregation, with thirteen abbeys in the United States and one in Canada, besides missions on the Bahama Islands and the Catholic University of Peking in China.

(9) The Beuron Congregation, with nine abbeys in Germany and one each in Prague and Jerusalem, besides five priories in Germany, Poland, Portugal, and Czecho-Slovakia.

(10) The Swiss-American Congregation, with five abbeys in the United States.

(11) The Congregation of Subiaco of the Primitive Observance, which is divided into six provinces, as follows: (a) the Italian Province, with six abbeys and four other foundations in Italy; (b) the English Province, with one abbey (St. Augustine, Ramsgate); (c) the Belgian Province, with three abbeys; (d) the French Province, with four abbeys in France and one in England (Buckfast), besides a priory each in Jerusalem and Argentina; (e) the Spanish Province, with three abbeys in Spain and one each in Australia and the Philippines, besides six priories in Spain and Chile; (f) the German Province, with an abbey in Holland, besides three priories.

(12) The Austrian Congregation of the Immaculate Conception, with nine abbeys in Austria and two in Czecho-Slovakia.

(13) The Austrian Congregation of St. Joseph, with four abbeys in Austria and one each in Czecho-Slovakia and Southern Tirol, besides a priory at Innsbruck.

(14) The Mission Congregation of St. Ottilien, with three abbeys in Germany and one in Korea, besides a priory in Germany and a station each in Switzerland, Argentina, Venezuela, the United States, and the Philippines.

(15) The Belgian Congregation, with three abbeys, besides a priory each on the Island of Trinidad and in Ireland.

The Abbey of St. Anselm at Rome, which is presided over by the Abbot-Primate, is international in character and is not affiliated with any Congregation. Connected with St. Anselm's is the International Benedictine College of Sant Anselmo which this year has ninety-two young Benedictines pursuing higher studies.

According to statistics compiled several years ago there were 4,238 Benedictine priests, 1,350 clerics and novices preparing for holy orders, and 2,582 lay brothers. Besides this numerous family of 8,170 there were about 13,000 members in the female branch of the Order.

BENEDICTINE FOREIGN MISSION ACTIVITY

The Order of St. Benedict was not called into existence to conduct any particular enterprise in the Church, yet it has always lent itself to the needs of the time. Every phase of activity that is in harmony with the liturgical life of the monk is Benedictine. The principal duty of the Benedictine is the daily performance in choir of the *opus Dei*—work of God—as St. Benedict designates the Divine Office and all other liturgical functions. "Let nothing be preferred to the work of 'God' commands our holy lawgiver.

Benedictine life, then, is not incompatible with mission work. In those countries where

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monasteries have been established among pagans, the effect produced upon the natives has been very salutary. Even the Trappists, who lead an exclusively contemplative life, have flourishing abbeys at the present day in China. Monastic life appeals to the Chinese. The Benedictine mode of life, the contemplative combined with the active, is, therefore, very suitable for China, which cherishes patriarchal family life. The Benedictine Abbey of New Nursia in Australia, which had its beginning in 1847, when the natives were still cannibals, has produced marvellous results in christianizing and civilizing the aborigines. The Benedictine Abbey of Seoul is doing splendid work among the natives of Korea, some of whom have entered the community.

Whilst mission activity has always been held in high esteem, no branch of the Order had taken up foreign mission work exclusively as its field of labor until the Foreign Mission Congregation of St. Ottilien was instituted less than a half century ago. As the year 1928 marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of the affiliation of this Congregation with the parent stock, it is opportune that we say a few words concerning this child of promise.

In Catholic Bavaria's soil, an hour's ride from Munich, the capital, where once stood the little pilgrimage chapel of St. Ottilia, the flourishing Archabbey of St. Ottilien struck root. Like the mustard seed referred to in the Gospel, the little foundation grew into a mighty tree with branches that embrace the globe. On Dec. 13, 1896, St. Ottilien was raised to the rank of conventual priory, nearly six years later (July 28, 1902) it became a full-fledged abbey. The first abbot, still in active service, is the Rt. Rev. Norbert Weber, O. S. B., who was unanimously chosen for that exalted office on Dec. 18, 1902. The abbatial benediction took place on Feb. 1, 1903, a quarter of a century ago. Archabbot Weber was ordained to the secular priesthood on July 25, 1895, but immediately afterwards joined the young community at St. Ottilien. After his religious profession, Father Norbert was employed in teaching the ancient classics and mathematics to the young aspirants to the Congregation. Later on he was named master of novices and subprior. The Archabbot is a man of scholarly attainments, the author of a number of books, and an orator of considerable ability.

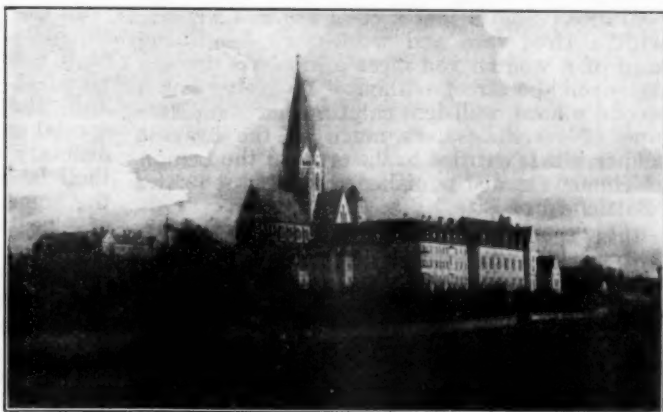
From the Abbey of St. Ottilien were founded the Abbeys of Schweiklberg and Muensterschwarzach in Bavaria and the Ab-

bey of Seoul in Korea, besides the Priory of St. Ludwig and several other houses in Germany. The Vicariate-Apostolic of Eshowe and the Prefecture-Apostolic of Lindi, both in South Africa, are served by St. Ottilien. Moreover, there are mission stations in South America and the Philippines.

In the schools conducted by this Congregation in Germany there are some 400 boys, who will, no doubt, one day be numbered among the missionaries to foreign lands. In the few short years of its existence the Congregation has grown so rapidly that it has a membership of over 800. Of these nearly 200 are priests, 100 clerics, and 400 lay brothers. The remainder is made up of novices. Vocations seem plentiful.

The first band of missionaries sent out from St. Ottilien left in 1886 for what was then German East Africa. There they labored faithfully with great success until the occupation of that territory by the English during the late World War, when they were seized and deported as alien enemies, despite the fact that they were perfectly willing to submit to English rule. They were not laboring among the natives to serve political ends, to save souls was their one desire, the form of government was purely accidental. But war is a despot that accords no favors. Since the war, however, other territory in South Africa has been assigned to St. Ottilien.

Although the Congregation is still in its youth, it has received the baptism of blood. In 1889 two lay brothers and a sister lost their lives in an uprising of the natives; in the year 1905 Bishop Cassian Spiss, O. S. B., Vicar-Apostolic of Dar-es-Salaam, together with a priest, three lay brothers, and three sisters met death at the hands of the natives.



ARCHABBEY OF ST. OTTILIEN

Yet, notwithstanding adverse circumstances, or perhaps precisely because of the difficulties encountered and hardships endured, the Congregation continues to grow and expand. Since the war several missionaries of St. Ottilien have been in the United States for the purpose of establishing a house of the Congregation in this part of the new world. Accordingly, in 1926, a suitable location was found at Newton in the State of New Jersey, a place that is easily accessible from New York and other eastern cities. A farm of several hundred acres was purchased for a monastic home. Here a community of eighteen, priests and brothers, is leading the monastic life. These exiles on our shores are anticipating with pleasure the coming of their beloved Archabbot, who purposes to pay them a visit sometime in the course of the present year. The new foundation, which has been placed under the patronage of St. Theresa of the Child Jesus, is called the "Little Flower Monastery." A relic of this patron saint of all the missions of the whole world is one of the prized possessions of the monastic chapel. In the course of time a monastery, a seminary for the training up of priests for the foreign missions, and a retreat house will be erected. We have no doubt that the new foundation will prove itself a worthy child of the mother house at St. Ottilien. May it flourish and prosper and accomplish the salvation of innumerable souls.

Wherein Lies the Greatness of the Christian Woman?

(Continued from page 493)

ered with medals signifying valor, may well stand uncovered, for one braver than he is passing by."

There is nothing high and heroic in her appearance. She is just a commonplace woman, with a tired face and work-worn hand—the kind of a woman you meet a hundred times a day upon the street without ever giving her a second glance, still less saluting her as a heroine. Nevertheless, as much as the bravest soldier, she is entitled to the cross of the Legion of Honor for distinguished gallantry on the "Battlefield of Life."

It is "the ordinary woman" who is doing valiant work in the preservation and upkeep of that institution which is the foundation of all social peace and joy and prosperity,—but which is suffering so much from the frivolous, pleasure-loving tendencies of our time. This institution is the home. Mrs. Newell Dwight Hillis, of Brooklyn, rightly says, and every sensible person will agree with her: "The sphere where woman has made her first, last and greatest

success, and where there will always be the first, last and greatest need of her service, is in home making. The tendency of the day is towards fewer homes, but, though the home maker is rarer, fortunately the type is far from extinct."

One of the noted women writers of to-day, on social and economic questions, is Ida Tarbell. She ranks high as a sociological investigator. In one of her recent works, "The Business of Being a Woman," she has this to say concerning the matter in hand: "I doubt if there is any problem in the Woman's Business which requires a higher grade of intelligence, and certainly none that requires broader sympathies, than this of giving to her home that quality of stimulation and joyousness which makes young and old seek it gladly and freely. To do this requires money, freedom, time and strength? No, what I mean does not depend upon these things. It is the notion that it does, that often prevents its growth.... For it is a spirit, an attitude of mind, and not a formula or a piece of machinery."

It is "the ordinary woman," the one who is brave and faithful "in gracious household ways," who will have a finer and stronger influence upon those about her. Concerning the part which the Catholic woman is to play in "uplifting" the home and putting new beauty into family life, Miss Margaret Fletcher, of England, says: "It is difficult to conceive of a greater need for modern society than the need of many brave Christian women in its midst. And these women must understand the duty of cultivating a moral courage that publicly avows its allegiance to the law of God, in the face of ridicule, or contempt, or false pity, and, if need be, against the full tide of a lower public opinion." But it is "the ordinary woman" who is most likely to measure up to these requirements.

In the person of Mary, the gracious ruler of the little home at Nazareth, there has been given to womankind for all times a patroness and an ideal. Yet the "Mother most admirable," and "the Virgin most prudent" watches with special care over those who are faithful in the ordinary path, who dedicate themselves and their laborious lives to the service of others in the home, in the family, or in the larger field of education and Christian Charity.

Christ told St. Mechtildis: "Whoever often and devoutly hears Mass, to him I will send as many of my saints as the Masses he heard, that they may comfort and defend him."

The Bread which surpasses all substances is at once a holocaust and a remedy to cure our weakness and to efface our crimes.—St. Cyprian.

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Amay and the Union of Churches

T. BOWYER CAMPBELL

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Under the caption, "Benedictines and the Mission to Russia," numbers six and seven of the current volume of THE GRAIL contained an article from the pen of the Rev. Leon A. McNeill on the work of union that has been so auspiciously begun by the Benedictines at the Priory of Amay-sur-Meuse in Belgium. The present article, which we reprint with permission, from the *American Church Monthly*, Vol. XXII, No. 3, was written by the Rev. T. Bowyer Campbell, who describes a visit to Amay together with his impressions. The author of this article, who is a minister of the Anglican Communion, is a member of the Council of the Confraternity of Unity, which is working heart and soul for the return of the entire body of Anglicans to the Holy See. That this may come to pass "we study and pray and work," he writes. "Its consummation must lie in the providence of God." We are sure that our readers will unite with us and with Our Savior in the prayer "that they all may be one," that all who have wandered from their Father's house may return again.

EVERY day an express train from Riga to Paris slips like a shuttle across Europe, a symbol of social and industrial commerce weaving a harmonious web between two far distant lands. It passes back and forth, from east to west, from the borders of Orthodox Russia to the heart of Catholic France. Along the same route there is another traffic carried on for the peace and well-being of the sin-torn world. It is the work of the Monks of Unity, whose apostolate is the union of the Churches, the healing of the breach between Orthodox East and Catholic West. The Riga-to-Paris train passes every evening through the village of Amay where the Monks of Unity live.

Amay-sur-Meuse is in Belgium. The banal little town is flung at the foot of a steep ridge

above the river halfway between Namur and Liège. At the convergence of two streets stands a very ancient church with a square stone tower, just beyond is a group of modern buildings. It is the Priory of Amay, built and occupied for some years by a community of Carmelite nuns exiled from France who, after the war, were repatriated. On one side of the Priory the homes and tiny gardens of the villagers drop away in scraggling disorder into the meadows

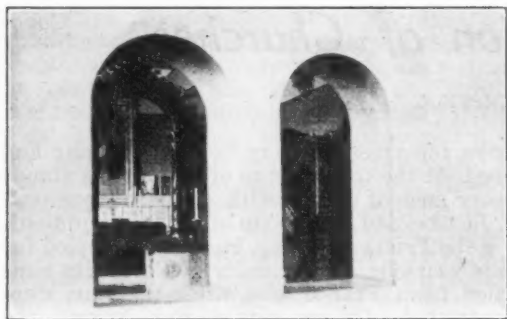
that lie between the town and the Meuse. On the western side the monastic enclosure extends for some hundreds of feet and then climbs abruptly to the top of the ridge. On the lower level, inside the wall, there is an avenue of fine elms; above, the ridge is terraced and cultivated. . . . fruit trees, grapevines, currants, vegetables and flowers. On the crest of the ridge is a path backed by a screen of dense shrubbery and commanding a glorious view up and down the valley of the Meuse and the hills beyond.

The Monks of Unity now occupy the Priory on the hillside above Amay. On St. Benedict's Day, March 21st, 1924, the Pope addressed a letter to the Abbot Primate of the Order of St.

Benedict asking him to form a group of monks whose sole avocation and labor should be an apostolate for the union of the Churches. Mgr. de Stotzingen laid this communication before a meeting of all the Benedictine abbots gathered at St. Anselm's in Rome in October, 1925. They authorized the formation of the special Benedictine unit asked for by the Holy Father. The new community was given the title "Monks of Unity for the Union of the Churches." The Superior General is Dom Lambert Beauduin, a liturgiologist of great note from the Abbey of



THE PRIORY OF AMAY



A PEEP INTO THE BYZANTINE CHAPEL

Mt. César near Louvain. The novice master is the former vice-rector of the International Benedictine University at Rome. The Monks of Unity chose for the seat of their life and work the small and peace-loving land of Belgium, and little Amay, quiet yet accessible, as the spot to live. The erstwhile French Carmel at Amay was just then for sale, a house exactly suited to Dom Lambert's wishes, so the Monks of Unity bought the property and established themselves there in March, 1926.

Their household is a true Benedictine community composed of clerics, lay brothers, and oblates. At present there are about thirty religious, including novices, living in the Priory of Amay. All the manual labor of the house and gardens is performed by the monks, priests and laymen sharing equally in the duties. The large rambling building is in perfect order, the grounds and terraces beautifully worked and trimmed. The personnel includes many nationalities: Belgian, French, Austrian, Russian, Polish, Spanish, English, Estonian, Ukrainian, and one converted Jew. The variety of languages one hears spoken! All the European tongues except Turkish! But the ordinary conversational medium is French. The liturgical languages are Greek, Latin, and Slavonic. Perhaps later, when there is an Armenian chapel, Armenian will be used in worship also.

II

The general interest in Amay is immense. The sanction of the Holy See and the prestige of the Order of St. Benedict give the community there a standing in the Catholic world that is ecclesiastically beyond criticism. Ecclesiologically, the scholarship and learning of the monks secures for them the respect of theologians and savants throughout the Church East and West. The zealous piety and exalted hopes with which they strive for the union of the Churches touches a chord in every breast sympathetic to the reconciliation of the separated children of Christ. This interest brings visitors and in-

quirers to Amay from all over the world. Anglican guests are not lacking either. The writer was the First American Churchman to visit the Priory.

The courtesy and hospitality of the monastery is simple and genuine to the utmost. The high table in the refectory is the guest-table. The Abbot himself conducts visitors to their seats and serves them with a genial delight that makes them feel at once honored and at ease. There is no stiffness anywhere. Visitors staying in the house may walk at will about the cloisters and the grounds. The cells are comfortable and commodious. In all the rooms a sacred ikon hangs on the wall in the honorable corner, and the name of each cell is indicated by a picture of the patron saint on the door. The decorations and customs of the monastery are largely informed by the Orthodox spirit.

One meets at Amay representatives of all the Christian peoples: Belgian bishops, scholars from Paris and Constantinople, ecclesiastics from Poland and Germany, Italian prelates and religious, English and Irish students. Next the writer at supper on the night of his arrival sat M. François Paris, a French layman, expert liturgiologist, and *conferencier* of the Union, lately returned from Constantinople. In that city he had been successful in assembling under the patronage of the highest authorities, Greek and Latin, two conferences of which, *Irénikon* says, the success is very significant and marks a stage in the road of reconciliation. There were large audiences, Greek, Armenians, and Latins, as many Catholics as Separated.

The Monks of Unity make a point of keeping in touch with the contemporary thought of the religious world by taking in the magazines of the principal denominations in every country. The magazine room in the monastery is a long apartment lined with periodical racks. The more important languages have special racks. One sees publications in French, German, Russian, Polish, Italian, Greek, English, and so on. The English rack holds a representative lot of papers from all the English-speaking countries. There are many Protestant publications, Anglo-American, German, Scandinavian, and Catholic journals of the Roman, Orthodox, and Anglican Communion. The files at Amay are invaluable for reference and special study. The visitor from afar feels at home before the rack containing the magazines in his own language.

The Monks of Unity have a review of their own. It is called *Irénikon*, which means peace and is a translation into Greek of the Benedictine Latin motto, *Pax*. The editorial office is a tiny room under the eaves of the monastery. In that small sanctum Dom André de Lilienfeld writes, translates, and assembles the material that goes forth in the pages of *Irénikon*.

month by month in the printed apostolate for the union of the Churches.

There are two chapels in the Priory of Amay, Greek and Latin. They lie along two sides of the cloisters in the form of a recumbent L. The one of the east and upright arm is the Latin chapel. It comprises three chambers communicating with one another by archways. The chamber at the top of the L is the monastic choir, the central chamber is the sanctuary containing the altar, and the third is the ante-chapel for guests. The altar chamber is painted yellow and the two others blue: the contrast in color is very pleasing, for the altar seems set in a sunlit space. At Mass the celebrating priest faces the open chamber of the choir and has his back to the ante-chapel. All is very severe and plain. The altar is in the style of the eighth century—small crucifix and two candles placed for lack of gradine on the mensa itself.

The same ante-chapel serves for both Latin and Greek chapels because it is located at the junction of the arms of the L. It gives by archways into the latter oratory at right angles to those communicating with the sanctuary of the Latin chapel. People coming to Mass from outside the monastery may enter the ante-chapel direct by a door opening into an exterior courtyard.

The southern, or lower, arm of the Cloister L is the Orthodox chapel. It is a large square apartment divided at the further end by the ikonostasis bearing the ikons of the Savior, the Theotokos, and some saints. The whole chapel is decorated in white and gold, and of the two chapels, Latin and Greek, it is the larger and more pretentious.

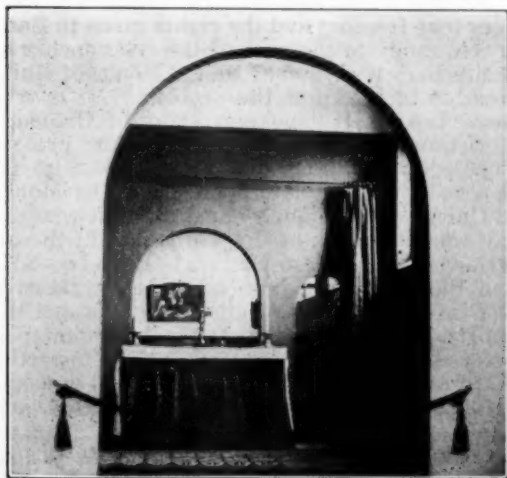
III

The monks of Amay devote special care to the liturgy. It is one means by which they seek to understand and interpret the *ethos* of Christianity manifested in the two viewpoints and civilizations of Byzantium and Rome. Their ideal is to present the rites of East and West in their native beauty and purity. The principles and characteristics of each rite are carefully preserved. A week in turn is given to the Latin, the Greek, and the Russian liturgies. It is true that there is no index to the mind of the Church, no interpretation of the Christian genius, like that which the liturgy can express. The whole mystical soul of the Church is poured forth in the divine drama of her official rites and prayers. The effect on the worshipper is powerful and very moving.

Some one had said that the Latin rite is like a dashing current of living water, full of movement, climax; while the Eastern rite is like the deep, still sea, profound, powerful, eternal.

The chance to compare the two rites is a singular opportunity at Amay. There they are brought into acute juxtaposition. In the Latin services one is carried forward by the terse, restrained drama of the ceremonies. The sonorous Latin phrases proceed with the mighty thrust of a strong current restrained by well defined banks. The character of the rite is the perfection of regimental precision. In the Eastern rite one sets forth on the bosom of profound depths. There is no haste, no sense of enforced direction. The liturgical action, accompanied by exquisite melodies chanted without the artificial aid of instruments, goes on and on like the tide of the sea, welling, subsiding...welling, subsiding. The bark of the soul is lifted quietly, strongly on the surface of this vast prayer. The sweeping cadences wash majestically, serenely over the soul. The ceremonies multiply and build up like great waves...extensive, full of secret meaning, charged with a divine vigor.

The Monks of Unity are dedicated to the mission for the union of the Churches. They offer a new apologetic in that vexed cause. This new spirit is irenic. The program and aim of their work is "To study in order to know, to know in order to love, to love in order to unite." This summary is in the spirit of the Gospel and is the ideal for the true works of the Union. The Monks of Unity will not engage in controversy. Proselytizing tactics are too mean for the reunion ideal and aim. Though sponsored by the Latin Communion, latinization is not part of the scheme for the reconciliation of the Churches separated from Rome. The Monks of Unity eschew such a polemical manoeuvre which has always proved, when employed, so unfruitful and irritating an instru-



ALTAR IN THE LATIN CHAPEL

ment for reunion. Nor has the Greek world in the past been guiltless of hellenization. The oriental Patriarch demanded uniformity. The new apologetic which the Monks of Unity pursue is one of charity and peace. They seek to understand and appreciate the religious customs and mentality of the differing peoples of Christendom. They envisage a wide horizon. The Holy See has also taken this position of breadth and toleration. It is the advice St. Gregory the Great gave to St. Augustine when he sent him to Britain. Pope Pius V offered Queen Elizabeth recognition of the English Prayer Book and other provincial customs differing from the rest of the Church if only the bond of canonical unity between Canterbury and Rome might be preserved. Pope Leo XIII, in the encyclical *Praeclara* of the 20th of June, 1894, and in his constitution *Orientalium dignitas* of the 3rd of November, 1894, reiterated the same principle. Speaking of the Eastern Churches, he says: "Neither we nor our successors will ever suppress anything of your right, neither the privileges of your Patriarchs, nor the ritual customs of each Church. It has been and will always be in the thought and conduct of the Holy See to show large regard for the origins and works proper to each Church." The Oriental Churches in communion with Rome are secure in a large freedom to practice the Christian religion according to their native use. In the Papal city itself the Oriental rites may be seen in their liturgical beauty and perfection carefully guarded. Last year in St. Peter's Basilica, the Pope participated in a magnificent performance of the Constantinopolitan Liturgy.

IV

All this might well lead the Anglican to ask: does that freedom and the rights given to Easterners apply to the case of the relationship of Canterbury with Rome? Do the Monks of Unity seem so to interpret the problem? It is true that Leo XIII spoke explicitly of Orthodox Christianity. It is also true that the present Pope spoke definitely of the East when he authorized the apostolate upon which the Monks of Unity are so uniquely engaged. But who can say what lay back of the words and in the interior minds of those pontiffs? Both Leo XIII and Pius XI* have been intimately interested and informed of the Anglican position and the efforts going on in the Anglican Communion for Catholic recovery. And it is noteworthy that Cardinal Mercier offered a cordial welcome to the Monks of Unity in his archdiocese, and

Cardinal Mercier was vitally interested in the Anglo-Roman question. The reconciliation of Canterbury and Rome lay close to his heart. Although the published organ of the Amay community, *Irenikon*, has given much space and attention that is appreciative and sincere in its regard for the Catholic revival in the Anglican Communion, the official attitude of the Monks of Unity is not to be construed as overlooking the fact that a state of formal schism exists between the two Communions. The cordial treatment of Anglican matters has been matched by an equal courtesy and trust from Anglo-Catholics. The relationship between Amay and Anglo-Catholics is friendly and sympathetic. It must be remembered that the work of these monks is pacific. Their vocation is prayer and study, not the statement of terms and conditions of reunion. Anglicans on their side might profitably adopt the same viewpoint and method. Official finalities must be left to the future, after the Holy Spirit has moved the hearts and instructed the consciences of all concerned in the reconciliation of the separated Communions.

The action of the Holy Father in constituting the Monks of Unity has given a lead to the whole Christian world. It shows that the Roman Communion is animated by a fervent desire for the union of the Churches, that she is not antipathetic to the hopes and efforts for reunion now occupying the attention of Christians. The Monks of Unity stand as the ideal agent of the Papal world for reconciliation. The original community planted at Amay now has branch houses in other localities. At Schootenhof near Antwerp there are two houses of the Union, a monastery called Christus Koning, and the convent Regina Pacis. The magazine, *Irenikon*, under the devoted and able editorship of Dom André de Lilienfeld, has subscribers in nearly every country of the world. It gives an exchange of views, studies of conditions, ideals and mentalities of Christian peoples as the material of its apostolate. The Monks of Unity have formed "Student Circles" in many of the universities of Europe for the study of the reunion problem. In little Belgium alone sixty thousand students are marshalled for this peaceful crusade of prayer and study. The momentum of the reunion movement is increasing with amazing rapidity. All over the world interest and effort are manifested in the cause of peace and unity for the Church.

Efforts for the union of the Churches have not been lacking in the past. But the attempts have hitherto failed, perhaps because the methods employed were too arbitrary, too forensic to secure confidence and peace. At any rate the work of the present day is to repair the harrying damage of the past. The unity of the Church

* These lines were written long before the publication of the recent Encyclical of Pius XI on True Religious Unity.—EDITOR.

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is a prime necessity. It is in the forefront of modern religious thought and interest. Old disagreements between Christians, threadbare misunderstandings, and the obsolete racial hates are passing away. A new day is about to dawn.

The schism of the East and West was the most terrible wound the body of the Church has had to suffer. It is like the wound in the side of the human body of Christ. The schisms of the sixteenth century were like scourges lashing his back. Once more, in the eyes of the enemies of religion, Christ, represented by the Church, hangs dead upon the Cross. But believers from all over the world are gathering, as it were to Calvary, to take down the mangled body, wash and anoint the wounds, and watch for the Resurrection which is sure to come. "God loves his glory," one of the Fathers at Amay said. "He will not see his purposes thwarted. He has willed the oneness of the Church. No sin of man can prevent the final triumph of God and of his Christ."

Have You Met Her?

(Continued from page 494)

"Did you ever read any of the rules?.... Well, you wouldn't believe what a lot of rules there are to follow. You couldn't eat any meats at all. And not much of anything else, either; and what they did allow you, and the way you had to prepare it, made it very poor eating. Ugh, you wouldn't believe!

"You're right. It was heroic work. I told John that the man who called it '*Painless Reducing*' must have been trying to be funny. There wasn't anything '*painless*' about it. But I had made up my mind to try it, and I stayed with it. I kept it up for three months, including *Sundays*. John laughed at me a good deal, but I told him I didn't intend to be called a '*stylish stout*' by anyone—not at my age.

"Oh, yes; I lost nearly thirteen pounds in the three months. There were times when I thought I couldn't keep up the diet, but I did. It just shows what you can do when you try—doesn't it?

"No; it didn't seem to hurt me, though of course it was dreadfully poor eating, but every time I wanted something good to eat, I thought of that '*stylish stout*.'

"What! you haven't finished your lunch already, have you? I haven't finished my pudding,

yet, but then I've been doing most of the talking.

"Oh, yes; that's right. You did eat a Lenten lunch, didn't you? Well, wait till I finish my pudding and we'll go out together. I wish you weren't going to the D. of I. meeting. You could go to the Style Show with me. They say the styles are perfectly gorgeous this year, though they're always so expensive. But then you have to pay if you want *Paris* styles,—don't you? I don't know what John'll say about it, but then I have my heart set on one of those new frocks—even if they do cost.

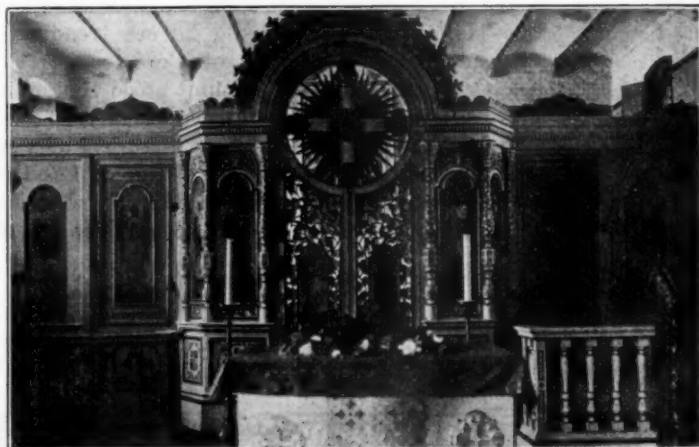
"What?... Well, I wish you didn't have to be in such a hurry. Well, good-by, then. But I wish you were going to the Style Show with me instead of to that tiresome meeting where all they do is to ask you to spend your money!"

Petition

NANCY BUCKLEY

Let me be content—
This is all I ask—
Doing willingly
Each day's homely task;
Happy with kind service done
From the dawn till set of sun;
Let me sing along my way,
Even though the skies are grey.

Let me sing a little song
Helping others to be strong;
Let me feel full sympathy
With the ones who walk with me;
Let me be content
With the rest and peace
Of Thy perfect love
That shall never cease.



ALTAR IN BYZANTINE CHAPEL

"He was wounded for our iniquities, he was bruised for our sins."—Is. 53:5.

IN THE FATHER'S

Placidus O. S.



IN the rocky soil of his hillside vineyard the Palestinian farmer of olden days would hollow out a spacious vat to receive the luscious vintage. Therein his barefooted servants, glorying in their strength for this arduous task, trod out the purple blood of the bursting grapes and sang a harvest song of joy, as the ruddy stream dyed their girded robes.

Piercing with prophetic eye the seven centuries of unborn time, the Prophet Isaias once beheld the harvesting of another vintage by an only servant, "who was clothed with a garment sprinkled with blood."—(Apoc. 19:13.) This unwonted scene filled him with glad wonderment, causing him to address the heroic gleaner: "Why is thy apparel red, and thy garments like theirs that tread in the wine press?"—(Is. 53:10.) From the lips of the patient laborer he heard the words: "I have trodden the wine press alone. . . I have stained all my apparel."—(Is. 63:2.) Whom did he see treading the wine press alone? Where was that press erected?

On Calvary's rocky summit stood that unique press, fashioned from two beams of olive wood, whereon the Son of God, "who emptied himself, taking the form of a servant" (Philip. 2:7), was treading out the vintage of His Heavenly Father's just wrath. Gathering up all the sins of mankind as so many clusters of grapes and placing them upon His sinless shoulders,



"He spared not even his own Son, but delivered him up for us all."—Rom. 8:33.

THE WINE PRESS

Lucidus O. S. B.



He bared these to the chastening, crushing force of divine justice. His whole body was like a bunch of ripe grapes, and as the Father "bruised Him in infirmity" His life-giving Blood trickled in a thousand rivulets down his mangled Body, dyeing crimson the linen cloth about His loins, and drenched the parched earth, a strengthening healing draught for clay-formed, fallen man. No harvest song of joy escaped his gall-pinched lips, but words of pardon, hope, and comfort, and complete obedience.

For three epoch-making hours of agonizing pain that cross-formed press did noble service, and now its myriad particles, scattered throughout the earth, receive the reverent kisses of grateful ransomed prisoners. Yet, not in jeweled, golden shrine alone do we behold and venerate this fond reminder of that olden harvest scene of life and grace. Each dawning day sees it reared anew upon the altar stone. From the cross above the place of sacrifice, the image of the Victim looks down as though to invite and rivet our gaze upon the unbloody renewal of His cruel crushing, when with His Blood He wrote the story of His boundless love for base, ungrateful, thoughtless man. Will we not often read for a short half hour in this blood-traced book the never-tiring story of His love? Can we not read a page of this ever-open Book of the Mass each day during Lent, to learn the meaning of our daily cross!

A Shepherd and His Flock

From the French, by MARY E. MANNIX

CHAPTER 5

THE PILGRIMAGE TO LOURDES

THE little company which had undertaken this pilgrimage had risen before daybreak to travel the two leagues which separate the village from the station where they were to take the train. They arrived at ten o'clock at the city of the "Immaculate Conception."

There is nothing more pleasant as well as devotional than this little pilgrimage—country pastors will understand my meaning—for we must describe life as it is, even parochial life, at the risk perhaps of shocking a few Pharisees, who exist in every community, and among all classes of readers.

Because one takes part in a pious pilgrimage, one does not shed his original character, which may amuse his neighbors as his neighbor's character amuses him.

Of the parishioners already known to us who, under the guidance of the pastor had left La-Fontaine for the journey,—Poli was not the least edifying,—there was Martha, whose hogs were prospering, her rubicund and comfortable round form contrasting strongly with his lean and meager body.

He, like his companions, had not failed to provide himself with food and drink for the journey, but, unlike the others, he carried them not in a basket or bag but in a queer old botanical case which he had found in some mysterious place known only to himself.

It was characteristic of Poli to make those finds,—his neighbors, wise in their own conceit, had some misgivings and made many conjectures as to their origin,—but on a whole the good folk of LaFontaine were a charitable people, wisely and kindly holding their tongues.

Since only a few of the woman pilgrims, as well as the pastor, had remained fasting in order to receive Holy Communion on their arrival, Poli had no scruple in occasionally opening and closing his green receptacle, offering those near him now a caramel, now a mouthful of omelet flavored with garlic, or a doughnut. In return he was offered by Zephyrin and some others a drink from the leather flasks. Thus leaning back in his seat, his eyes half closed, his protuberant Adam's apple in full view, he would noisily gulp the wine, exclaiming at intervals: "To your good health ladies!" as he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

Martha, not far away, would look displeased

at those salutations, stroking her gown as if the words issuing from Poli's lips had soiled and crumpled it.

Zephyrin, though like Zachary a cobbler, who had some notions of what he called "style," had placed in his bag a roasted duck with sausage and cheese. He now began the dental destruction of a wing, his nose wriggling meanwhile over his wine-moistened lips.

In the same third-class compartment, occupied by other pilgrims from LaFontaine, there sat very close to the pastor the mayor's son a young man who had once thrust his hand too deeply into the funds of an Insurance Company of Paris, where he had been employed.

He was about twenty-five years of age. He wore a derby hat, a dark blue suit, and buttoned shoes, an evidence that he had lived in Paris, while his shiny blue necktie betrayed the taste of a country man.

Gently as the pastor had covered the boy's sin with a few accessive pearls, probably no one in the town had remained in ignorance of it, yet neither was there any among the simple folk who had not endeavored to seem unaware of the theft.

Anxious to conceal her knowledge of the fact, Martha showed to the better-born youth, confused by the least attention, a deference proportionate to the distant demeanor she preserved towards Poli.

Besides the travelers already mentioned, there was Mme. Véronique; the grocer with the gold-framed glasses, known to have been given him by General Faidherbe under whom he served; Euphrosyne La Tour, the daughter of the apothecary; and the postmistress with an unpretentious wig, who had procured a substitute for the day.

Presently was heard the sound of hymns issuing from many throats, which, if the composers of sacred music could have listened to, would have been taken to indicate a journey, not to Lourdes, but to purgatory.

The pastor of LaFontaine led the choir; how could he have done otherwise than share heart and soul in the simple service of song with these country people, lacking in art, but not in good will.

He would indicate at intervals to the members of the "Daughters of the Cross," who had joined the excursion, the number of this or that page in their hymnals where this or that canticle might be found.

Poli, always to the front, undertook to beat

time, which greatly disturbed the patience of Martha who endeavored to restrain him.

At last they were approaching the spot, the valley which the grace of God had sanctified.

As though arising from distant snow banks, the approach to the sanctuary of "Our Lady" filled the heart and soul of every pilgrim with eager anticipation.

Silence fell upon the pilgrims; swiftly the wind swept the clouds above the tops of the mountains; the train stopped; they were there at the place of pilgrimage.

There were no longer Pharisees or hypocrites among them—Faith and Love alone survived. The procession was formed, the music stilled—she was there—there in unalterable serenity, where one could see the maze of twinkling lights.

The pilgrims from LaFontaine entered the street leading to the esplanade, Poli's box slung across his shoulders, rising and falling at every step. They proceeded to "La Rosaire" to hear the Mass which the pastor of LaFontaine was about to celebrate, gathering before one of the smaller altars where a missionary was finishing his Mass.

His striking face, aglow with fervor, was marked by fatherly kindness and benevolence, but from what part of the uncivilized world had he come? What dark-skinned nations had he encountered? What orgies of passion and blood had he not bemoaned?

And these people, among whom his lot was cast had immortal souls, which he, who feared neither serpents, plague, or martyrdom, had sanctified by Christian Baptism. He was at the last Gospel.

If Martha and a few of her woman friends felt a vague uneasiness as the unshaven priest descended the steps of the altar, Poli, on the contrary, wished in his heart that all priests might cultivate beards.

It may be said that Poli was part demagogue and part savage. The thought came to him, since he had agreed with the pastor of LaFontaine to go to confession, that it might be well to obtain remission of his sins through the medium of this evangelistic traveller, whom he was likely never to see again.

He left his botanical case upon a bench, and taking courage sought his own pastor, now donning his sacred vestments in the sacristy, in order to submit to him his strange desire.

The good priest was quite willing to agree with the proposition, knowing that "A bird in the hand is worth two in the air." In a few words he informed the Father from the Congo of Poli's request. The good missionary, having special faculties, at once kindly assented to Father Sylvain's proposal. And thus it happened that the murderer of roosters, the un-

licensed hunter of earth and air, as well as, it must be admitted, the rescuer of burning and drowning men and women, poured without reserve the tale of his transgressions into the compassionate ears of the apostle of dark nations.

When Poli returned to his place among his companions, prepared with contrite heart to recite his penance, he found awaiting him a small test of his patience. A thief had stolen the botanical case, without fear, apparently, that an object so remarkable might betray him, even in a crowd.

But search as they might, neither Poli, Zephyrin, nor the others gained during the return trip the least inkling of the whereabouts of the shiny receptacle.

However, the theft had a happy outcome. Since Father Sylvain, thankful to the Judge of mankind for the submission of Poli, bought him in a Jewish bazaar, where Martha and her friends were bargaining for innumerable medals and beads, a basket, which was then filled with the requirements of food and drink.

While Poli with his companions sat on a bank at noon eating their luncheon, a lady and a gentleman passed with a little girl between them. It was the lady of the pearls and her husband. They had come to Lourdes full of faith and hope to obtain the cure of their child, who, after a long and serious illness, had become blind.

Father Sylvain, sitting with his mother a little apart from his flock, had observed the trio fervently praying near the altar before and during his Mass. He could see the blue and sightless eyes of the child upraised to heaven, her small hands clasped, her pure lips moving in prayer.

A shadowy recollection, a vague resemblance to persons he had once seen, passed through his mind and something impelled him to remember them in his Memento. He seemed to feel that, whatever the substance of their fervent prayer, it was most worthy, although he had not the slightest idea of its purpose.

As they passed him the lady bowed and smiled. Father Sylvain returned the salutation. For a brief moment she stood gazing at the pilgrims of LaFontaine, she had never seen any of them before. She was not aware that their pastor had been the pious old Curé, in whose hands on the morning of Father Sylvain's first Mass she had placed those precious pearls.

She did not know that her generous gift had soothed and comforted, and rescued from distress and misery, many an afflicted soul; she did not know that they had cured the sick, and buried the dead, and saved from prison numbers of the flock entrusted by Almighty God to

the care of her uncle and that of his faithful assistant and successor.

But she, who stood enthroned and smiling amidst the perpetual rays of light that are never extinguished, knew and remembered.

For, an hour later, as the pilgrims from La-Fontaine were about to take their departure, loud cries of:

"A miracle! A miracle!" resounded from the immense multitude around the grotto, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, a happy father lifted a beautiful little girl to his shoulder that all might gaze and hear her childish voice crying out:

"Our Lady of Lourdes has cured me. I am blind no longer. I can see!"

After the loud cries of rejoicing and thanksgiving had subsided, Father Sylvain at the head of his troupe, directed his steps towards the station where the crowded train was preparing for the return journey.

It may be taken for granted that all had been spiritually benefited by the pilgrimage, though Martha, a little envious of the basket presented to Poli by the pastor, confided to Mme. Véronique that, if she had felt the need of confession, she would not have chosen, as this ragamuffin had done, the priest of the black people.

The grouping in the car was nearly the same as on the previous trip.

Martha, still somewhat disturbed by Poli's singular choice of a confessor, was returning with an enormous jar of Lourdes water, which she placed in close proximity to the rascal's feet.

The holy city was soon left behind. Suddenly to the left a blaze sprang up through the night—it was the Grotto resplendent with thousands of lights.

Exclamations of wonder and pleasure were heard on every side as the lights faded away in the distance.

Silence fell upon the group. Nothing was heard but the throbbing of the engine and the creaking of the train.

After a while Father Sylvain became aware of a stifled sob beside him. It came from the breast of the mayor's son. The man of God took the hand of the youth and pressed it in the dark.

"I wonder," exclaimed the irrepressible Martha, "if it would be a sin to travel by mistake in a second-class train, with only a third-class ticket? I have a friend who,—not meaning to do it of course,—climbed by accident into a second-class train instead of a third. When she found where she was, she said to herself:

"I'll stay here and if the conductor comes. I'll pretend to be surprised and hold my head in my hands as though I am not well. I do not

think the Holy Virgin would be offended by that."

"Martha," said Zephyrin, "a woman cares nothing for the law or for rules and regulations, if she wants to do just as she pleases. If she is told to stay here or stay there, she wishes to go somewhere else."

"Exactly," approved Poli.

"A woman always wants to have her own way," pursued Zephyrin, "and it is seldom the right way. The one riding third-class wishes to ride second; the one riding second, aspires to first. Woman is easily irritated. If someone endeavors to remonstrate with her, she either begins to cry or scold."

"Exactly," observed Poli.

"It is through tears that women often obtain what they desire," continued Zephyrin, "men get tired of tears and give up."

"Women argue and scold sometimes," said Martha, "but men,—well,—men can talk also," she continued sarcastically.

"It is unfortunate Martha," remarked Zephyrin, "that you women do not endeavor to imitate more closely the virtues of the Holy Virgin."

"I did not know Zephyrin," remarked the postmistress, "that you were such an enemy of our sex."

"Well, you are not a man,—and a married man," answered Zephyrin, "and your wife is not waiting for you this evening to start a scene."

"A scene," laughingly interposed Mlle. La Mote, the daughter of the apothecary, amused at this declaration.

"Yes, Mlle., there have been three pilgrimages to Lourdes, which I permitted her to join while I remained at home and took care of the shop. Five days ago I said to her: 'You know it is my turn this time.' She replied, 'you are joking.'"

"I asked, 'do you expect me then to be your slave?'"

"Yes," she replied. I did not say another word but quietly made up my mind, and roasted my duck last night. I placed my white shirt and new suit on a chair near the bed, with my well-polished shoes underneath it. This morning, while it was still dark, I got up very quietly so as not to awaken her.

"Who is there?" she cried.

"Who should it be but myself," I answered her, 'it is time to be getting ready for the train.'

"Oh!" she exclaimed, yawning and stretching out her arms.

"I said to her, 'go to sleep, there is no need for you to get up so early.'

"Do you want me to miss the train?" she asked. (Continued on page 518)

The Irish are Scots

JOHN M. COONEY

SAINT Patrick's Day, which comes on the seventeenth of March, has taken on, in addition to its religious significance, associations of a patriotic nature which are quite extraordinary. The descendants of those whom this great missionary converted centuries ago, seem to have adopted Saint Patrick as being the greatest of Irishmen as well as the greatest of saints. Hence, all over the English-speaking world, when Saint Patrick's Day comes around, Irish colors spring up over night. Irish humor tinges the street talk of every city, Irish oratory flows and sparkles at a thousand banquet boards, and things Irish are read by millions in newspapers and magazines. During this most Irish of seasons, to proclaim that "the Irish are Scots" is to astonish and offend many, —especially many Irish and Scotch. So far as the writer is concerned, this indignation, if there be any, will seem not an unmixed evil, since everyone is necessarily interested in the thing that irritates him.

When the Romans first came to Britain shortly before the dawn of the Christian era, Scotland was known as Caledonia. Ireland was known as Hibernia, and also as Scotia; and her people were, —and were called, —Scots. The tradition in Ireland is, that the Irish people took their name, Scots, from Queen Scota, a daughter of Milesius, who came to Ireland from Scythia, probably by way of Spain, and who defeated and subjugated the other races then occupying the island. On a mountain side rising above the town of Tralee, in the County of Kerry, Ireland, is a massive projection of stone so shaped as to resemble a female figure reclining upon a couch, and this stone formation is known to this day as "Queen Scota's Bed."

There was another name the Irish people gave their country, *Eire*, or, poetically, *Erin*; and no doubt it is from this name that the name, *Irish*, is derived. The Anglo-Saxons (Angles, Saxons, Jutes, etc.), who conquered and occupied enough of Britain to change the name from *Britain* to *England*, were Teutonic, and spoke dialects of German, and these proceeded to call the people of Scotia, *Scottische*; the Angles of England, *Anglische*; and the Scots of Eire, *Eirische*. These names are now, *Scottish*, *English* and *Irish*. But up until the fifteenth century, we are reliably informed, everywhere except in Britain the Irish were known as *Scots*; and this is attested to by countless manuscripts preserved upon the Continent,

which called the Irish, wherever they are mentioned, "Scots from Ireland."

These 'Scots from Ireland' went in considerable numbers to Caledonia, and eventually occupied so much of the country, and there won control to such an extent that Caledonia became the land of the *Scots*, or *Scotland*. It is only eighteen miles, more or less, from the coast of Ireland to the coast of Scotland at the nearest crossing; and it is not only natural, but certain, that there was much crossing to and fro, and this as far back as pagan times. Hence both the present Scotch and the present Irish claim as theirs the pagan Gaelic bard, Oisín (Irish) or Ossian (Scotch), and the redoubtable hero, Finn MacCoole, or Fingal, as he is called respectively by the Irish and the Scotch at the present day.

Just when this migration of 'Scots from Ireland' started cannot be established with certainty. That it had already begun in pagan times is strongly suggested by the facts just mentioned, and authentic Roman history makes this fact certain. For, early in their occupation of Britain, which began, we may say, with Caesar's invasion in 55 B. C., the Romans had extended their sway to the north so as to come into contact with the Caledonians, and these Caledonians, Roman records distinguish into two people, the *Picti* and the *Scoti*. Historians are of the opinion that certain Brythones (Britons like the Welsh and the ancient inhabitants of England) also occupied parts of Caledonia.

Although the Romans certainly met the Scots in Caledonia in the second or third century, it was five or six centuries later before the Scots won a final victory over the Picts in a battle in which Kenneth MacAlpine, of Kintyre, who led the Scots, overthrew Angus MacFergus, the Pictish leader. MacAlpine died in 859. Two centuries later, Caledonia, it is historically certain, was known as *Scotland*. It is probable that the Picts were a people in some ways inferior to the Scots. They received the name, Pict, from the Romans because of their practice of painting their bodies; and the word, *Pecht*, seems still to be used in remote places in the Scottish isles as a term of disrespect applied to dwarfish and otherwise defective persons. What portion of the Pictish race disappeared, and what portion survived to become blended with the Scots, can only be conjectured. It is quite possible that they virtually died out, for they could have been only a small tribe. As late as the great religious schism of the six-

teenth century, the entire population of Scotland consisted of about half a million souls.

The part of Caledonia first occupied by the 'Scots from Ireland' was naturally that region nearest the Irish coast. This is the western portion of southern Scotland now and the shire of Argyle, "Argyle" being derived from "Ar-Gael," which means the land-of-the-Gael. A casual glance at the maps of Ireland and Scotland, a glance that takes in the names of towns, mountains, rivers, lakes etc., of the two countries, will reveal so many similarities, even at this late day, that the common origin of the peoples under discussion can hardly be questioned.

How many names, for example, in the two countries, begin with the prefix, "ard," *ard* being the Gaelic name for *high*! There are dozens to be found in either country: in Scotland, Ardavern, Ardchonnell, Ardferrn, Ardgay, Ard-rishaig; in Ireland, Ardara, Ardee, Ardfinnan, Ardglass, Ardmore. Whether the prefix, "Fin" comes down from the hero, Finn, already mentioned, it may not be safe to say; nevertheless, it too is found in both countries, as in the town of Finglass and Fintona. So with the word, "dun," meaning *fort*. Scotland has her Dunbar, Dunmore, Dunblane, Dunglass, Dundee and others; and Ireland, Dundalk, Dundrum, Dungannon, Dunleer, and her own Dunmore. *Ballinahill* and *Ballinakill*, the first in such names in Scotland as Knockan and Knockbren, and in Ireland in such as Knockaderry and Knockroe. "Drum" we find in both countries. Each has its town of Drum, with Drummore and Drumwhirl in Scotland, and Drumcondra and Drumkeeran in Ireland, with dozens beside in either country. "Glas" means *green*, as found in *Glasgow* and *Glaster*, *Glasnevin* and *Glaslough*; and "Glen," which we have borrowed from the Gaels, is found in the names of many places in Ireland and Scotland alike.

"Kil," meaning *chapel* (or church), may be seen in such Scottish towns as Kilbarkan, Kilbirnie, Kilmarnock, and in such Irish centers as Kilbeggan, Kilbride, Killaloe and a hundred more. Perhaps the commonest of all is the prefix, "bally" or "bal," meaning *town*. Of these, Scotland has Balintore, Ballachulish, Ballantrae, Balmoral and a score of others, and Ireland, Ballina, Ballough, Ballinderry, Ballinamore. *Ballinahill* and *Ballinakill*, the first in Scotland and the second in Ireland, show a common language and, presumably, a common race in another manner. The "n-a" found in these two names is translated *of-the* hence *Bally-na-kill* means in English, *Town-of-the-Chapel*, or, *Churchtown*.

Such words as *Clan*, indicating a peculiar social structure; such words as *ben* (moun-

tain) and *loch*, or *lough* (lake), and the prefix, *Mac*, that goes with family names in either country, and is said to mean, *son of*, all indicate strongly the great extent to which 'Scots from Ireland' occupied ancient Caledonia and made Caledonia Scottish. If any further confirmation be needed, we have it in the bagpipes common to both countries, and in the national dress, the 'kilts,' etc., for this was the dress of the Irish until, after the English invasion, the national dress was, among many other things Irish, prohibited by English law.

The question is sometimes asked, Why are the Irish and the Scotch so different, being racially so close akin. One would have to determine just what these differences are before he could answer this question, and to determine this is not easy. There is, however, a popular mind on the matter; and, in the popular mind, the Scotch are canny, thrifty and dour; and the Irish, reckless, extravagant and merry. No doubt there is much exaggeration in these estimates, for, if "you cannot indict a nation," you cannot well judge two whole nations. Still, accepting the national characters of the Scotch and the Irish at popular estimate, we have offered us as the two chief causes of their dissimilarities: first, the different characters of the lands the races occupy, and, second, the different characters of the religions they now practice. Scotland is a more rugged country than Ireland, with poorer soil and a more rigorous climate. This means that under natural conditions the fight for existence is harder, and that life in several ways presents a more serious aspect. So, too, the Presbyterian religion, with the teaching of predestination, must have taken away hope from (we cannot say how) many of the Scotch, and life without hope would truly be *dour*. A companion who believed that he had been unfortunate in the predestination meted out to him, must be pardoned if he prove a depressant to hilarity in any company of which he forms a part, even were the company in ignorance of the way he was bent. If the company *knew*—! The Scotch are stout-hearted, but it is too much to expect even the race of Roderick Dhu to face Tartarus even in fair numbers without developing that dourness which distinguishes them now from their Irish cousins.

Centuries of a separate life history will make branches of any family grow apart and develop new and special characteristics. Americans of purely English blood are as different from the Englishman in England as the resident of Dundee is different from the resident of Dundalk. The differences, therefore between the Scot in Scotland and the Scot in Ireland, whatever they are, can have no bearing upon the historical

(Continued on page 519)

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Notes of Interest

From the Field of Science

—The most powerful refrigeration device is said to be a sun spot, for it maintains a difference in temperature of some two thousand degrees. Nevertheless, the sun spot still continues to have about 4000 degrees temperature, whilst its surroundings have about 6000. The sun spot is now regarded by astronomers as resulting from internal disturbances on the sun, and may be described popularly as 'solar tornadoes.' A quality recently discovered in a sun spot is that of magnetism. The 'solar tornadoes' are really great magnets. Of still greater interest to the general public is the question of the sun spot's influence on the weather. That the sun spot does affect the earth, seems certain, but it is uncertain how much the weather is affected. As to the possibility of forecasting weather from the occurrence of sun spots, the scientists are very skeptical.

—Radio fading is now better understood, though no cure is offered. Radio fading is the waxing and waning of strength in radio reception,—the hearer often imagining that the transmitting microphone is being moved, or that the strings of a musical instrument have been broken. The fluctuation of signals is most aggravating within a radius of 60 to 125 miles of the sending station. The power of the sending station has little to do with it, whilst stations receiving simultaneously at the same points are differently affected. The fading may be said to be a foster father of vagaries.

—Many people do not realize that radio waves are brothers to light waves and not to sound waves. A new field in radio transmission has been opened by the employment of very short radio waves. The relation of radio to light is seen more clearly in these short waves, since they 'cast shadows' i. e., are checked, when a tall object like a big building, stands between transmitting and receiving station.

—The ocean has proved a natural quarantine in preventing smallpox from entering Australia. The length of voyage thither allows any case to develop on ship-board before the island is reached.

—What has been the effect of automobiles on railway transportation? Whilst experts disagree on the details, yet the following represents a unanimous summary. The heaviest loss to railroads has been in the short-haul coach travel; the commutator business shows but slight loss, with some local gains; the long-haul Pullman business has an increase.

—Airplane construction has seen several remarkable improvements in the last year. One is the slot in the plane proper which allows for the change of air currents, and greatly increases the lifting power of the planes. Another is the new metal, 'Alclad.' The metal formerly used was 'duralumin,' which was found subject to corrosion. The 'Alclad' is the duralumin dipped into pure aluminium and rolled.

—The currycomb and the brush for the thoroughbreds of the air, the Wright 'Whirlwind' engines of trans-Atlantic hops, were a wrench and a screw driver. But in back of such simple tools used in 'tuning up' the engines for their flight were the brains and experience of special mechanics.

—The ultra-violet rays have proved so useful in certain forms of diseases, especially in the cure of rickets, that all sorts of treatments with ultra-violet rays are now on the market. Some take the form of special glass or cloth which are said to transmit the ultra-violet rays of the sun. Others take the form of special devices said to generate the health-giving rays. In some cases the devices are not effective, whilst for others, too extravagant claims are made. For this reason, warning has been sounded by leading scientific periodicals that many of the so-called developments in this field will bear much watching. For example, certain fabrics for clothes are said to transmit the rays. Experiments conducted by the Bureau of Standards have shown that the fabrics which do allow some of the ultra-violet rays to pass, possess this property solely because they are 'open weave' fabrics. Any other cloth with an open weave does the same.

—The travelling public is scarcely aware of the great progress made recently in providing for its safety by the automatic stop for trains. When the Government ordered 8399 road miles, whether single or multiple tracked, of leading lines of travel to be provided with devices that would stop a train automatically, it gave the railroad expert one of the greatest problems in railroad history. Thanks to many inventors, the problem has been solved, and over 90 per cent of the trackage, together with the locomotives, are already equipped.

—A new telephone transmitter has proved very efficient for noisy places. The transmitter is not placed before the mouth of the speaker, but in direct touch with his neck, next to the throat.

—America's greatest waterwheel is in California. The new Balch Power Plant uses water which comes from a mountain level 2243 feet above the discharge. This gives a pressure of 971 pounds to the square inch where the nozzle discharges against the wheel.

—Curing a disease by making the person sick with malaria! Yet the discovery was so wonderful that it was the 1927 Nobel prize in medicine for Prof. Wagner-Jauregg of Vienna. General paralysis of the insane is brought about by the same organism that produces syphilis. The organism cannot live in a person sick with a high fever, so the person is deliberately made sick with malaria. Afterwards the malaria is cured by quinine.

—The United States leads the world in the use of water power,—with some 11,700,000 horse-power.

—It has often been stated that the Chinese pay the doctor as long as they are well, but stop the pay when they take sick. An investigation made among the edu-

cated Chinese in this country revealed their unanimous belief that such a system does not prevail in China, and probably has never prevailed.

—The life of man prolonged thirty-seven years,—such is the result obtained for the average of life as recorded in the last four centuries. Of these added years, thirteen have been gained in the last three decades. But the gain has been for the young people, not for the old,—fewer people die young. The expectancy of life for the middle-aged remains about the same as in the past. Considerable public interest has been aroused by the gift of one million dollars for research work to prolong the life of the middle-aged.

"APPLIED" SCIENCE

—The pedestrian need not be told this is leap year.

—Dry cleaners agree that wealth comes from the soil.

—After learning to pronounce the name of the scientist Hrdlicka, some one suggested that the student continue with Skjellerup.

—A scientist claims that a woman's vocal cords uses less energy in talking than a man's. This may be following the line of least resistance.

—Objects fade twenty times faster under sunlight than under electric lights. The reverse is true for young men and women.

—How flying has changed our grammar! 'U. S.' was represented by 'We' in Central America.

—A self-made man usually employs college professors to make his son.

—Another thing that improves the longer you keep it is your temper.

—If the automobile does not get you, the automobile salesman will.

—The prize optimist of the year is the statistician that claims one American in five knows how to drive an automobile.

—Truth often goes into one ear and out the other, but scandal often goes into both ears and out the mouth.

COLUMBAN TRUIS, O. S. B.

Miscellaneous

—As many as 264 dying infants are said to have been baptized by an English Catholic doctor in the course of his practice up to January, 1928. One cannot help but think that a multitude of innocents will one day welcome this doctor at the portals of heaven for having gained for them the boon of eternal life.

—Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kronenburg, of Oakland, California, had the rare privilege of celebrating the sixty-fifth anniversary of their wedding not long ago. Seven children, fourteen grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren attended the reunion. The aged couple are ninety and eighty-seven years respectively.

—After an illness of a week, Mrs. Anna Suter died at St. Paul, Minn., on January 21 at the age of ninety-five. Mrs. Suter, who came to the United States from Switzerland eighty-one years ago, was the mother of twenty-two children, of whom twelve survive. Besides these there are sixty-two grand-children, ninety-three great-grandchildren, and two great-great-grandchildren.

—Thomas Sloan, said to be 115 years of age, attends 6:30 Mass every Sunday morning at Guthrie, Oklahoma. Mr. Sloan, who was born in Ireland on Christmas Day, came to this country in 1826. At the time of the Civil War he was too old to enter service. A bootmaker by trade, he made boots for President Lincoln.

—Ordained on Jan. 6, 1927, a year ago, at the age of fifty-four, Rev. Herman Osterman died of paralysis at Portland, Oregon, on Jan. 12. The deceased made his ecclesiastical studies at the near-by St. Benedict's Seminary, which he entered in 1917.

—A hospital to cost \$600,000, for colored people exclusively, with accommodations for 200, is to be erected at Chicago. Missionary Sisters Servants of the Holy Ghost are to be in charge. Cardinal Mundelein has selected "Pentecost Hospital" as the name of the new institution.

—St. Therese of the Child Jesus, or the "Little Flower," as she is more popularly known, has been proclaimed by the Holy Father patron saint of all the missions of the whole world.

—In a disastrous fire that destroyed Villanova College near Philadelphia on Jan. 29 the Augustinian Fathers lost property valued at \$2,000,000. Only a few weeks previous a large school of the same Order was burned in Oklahoma.

—We read that the new Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec, His Eminence Raymond Marie Rouleau, O. P., is the son of a Canadian farmer. Of humble origin too is the newly-created Cardinal Archbishop of Gran and Primate of Hungary, His Eminence Cardinal Justinian Serebi, O. S. B., whose father was a roofer. Both of these Princes of the Church are familiar with the English tongue.

—The Franciscans of the Province of St. John the Baptist have secured a tract of sixty acres at Detroit, where they will erect a house of studies and a college to cost \$800,000.

Benedictine

—The Syrian Catholic seminary on the Mount of Olives at Jerusalem is in charge of the Benedictines of the Priory of St. Benedict and St. Ephrem. This community was established in 1901 by French Benedictines from the Abbey of Pierre-qui-Vire in the diocese of Sens. In 1906 the foundation in the Holy City became a priory. A new seminary has just been completed on the Mount of Olives, a mount that will ever remain dear to the Christian. On Mount Sion in the same Holy City is the Abbey of the Dormition B. M. V., a foundation of the Beuron Congregation, which conducts the seminary of the Latin Patriarchate.

—Six Sisters of the Benedictine convent at St. Mary's in Pennsylvania celebrated the silver jubilee of their religious profession on Jan. 15.

—The Benedictine School at Savannah, Ga., has this year the largest enrollment in its history. On Jan. 16 Maj. Gen. R. P. Davis, inspected the Benedictine Cadets Battalion at the school. The cadets were complimented

(Continued on page 518)

Our Sioux Indian Missions

Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

Our Sioux Indian Missionaries

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., Fort Totten, N. D., for mail, express, and freight.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., and Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B., Stephan, S. D.; but express and freight should be sent *via* Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B., Marty, S. D.; express and freight *via* Ravinia, S. D.

Lenten Time is Here

How short a time it seems since we were making great preparations for the coming of the Christ Child, that great and beautiful feast that thrills and quickens the blood in the veins of young and old—the young, because of the anticipated magic of the Christmas stocking; the old, because of precious memories of many happy Christmases past but still deeply cherished.

But now comes a season just as precious, commemorating as it does, the various phases of our Lord's life on earth, from His forty-days' fast to His death and resurrection. While at Christmas we look forward to material delights—to gifts and good cheer, in Lent we hang up, as it were, a figurative stocking, into which we drop each day, some spiritual benefit or gift of grace which we have gained through prayer or good works, until, on Easter morning, we have piled up for ourselves a hoard of gifts "which neither rust nor moth can consume, nor thieves break in and steal."

"The greatest of these is Charity." Let us take that for our motto this Lent. Those who love the poor and are kind to them draw down God's blessings from Heaven. These blessings may not come in the form of great prosperity or unlooked-for wealth, but in many, many tender ways, which show that a loving Father is looking down from His Heaven, and taking cognizance of each kind act we have done. He is not to be outdone in generosity; for each kind act we perform for another, especially for the poor, the blessings come sifting down, one by one, like beautiful flakes of snow.

One woman, who did work at home to help out the family income, states that every time she sent a donation to the missions, or a box of clothing, invariably she received a bunch of orders for her work, which exceeded two or three times what she gave to the missions. "I've never seen it to fail yet," she writes. "Sometimes when I had a box of clothing, and barely scraped together the postage to send it to the missions, in a day or two I got it all back, and two or three times more than I gave. Sometimes the orders came with such promptness after I sent a mission bundle, that it startled me, after having waited in vain for days for something to do. I had the queerest feeling that our Lord was right beside me, thanking me visibly. And oh, how I thanked Him!"

Taste and See

"Taste and see how the Lord is sweet." None can know the sweets of charity until they have tried it; aside from the graces and blessings gained by the exercise of this great virtue, there is a great satisfaction and happiness attached to it which, for some people, is its own reward. That is why many of the saints, like the fly that "was not satisfied until it was smothered in the sugar," gave their entire lives to it.

Lent is the time for self-denial and the exercise of

every virtue. In denying one's self certain things, for instance, sweets, sodas, and ice creams, movies, and, for the men, smoking, many a nickel and dime are saved that otherwise would find their way to someone else's pocket. To what better object could these nickels and dimes be put than helping the missions?

Why not have a little box in which to drop these stray coins, and, at the end of Lent, send them on their little apostolic journey to assist in maintaining mission schools and churches, which depend entirely on such gifts for their existence? Shall we be shamed by our brethren of the various sects and denominations, who yearly devote millions to the up-keep of their particular missions in foreign lands, where they maintain splendid buildings, with well-paid missionaries, and their wives and children into the bargain? Our missionaries, on the contrary, are struggling alone and barehanded, with no millions to back them, with no encouragement except their own indomitable wills, and their blessed eagerness to obey the behest of the Savior to "go and teach all nations." Shall we not back them? Shall we not stand by them like a faithful wall, ready to sustain their churches and schools, where the little ones of the neglected Indian race may be taught the True Faith, and all the arts of civilization?

Father Justin's Letter

Father Justin writes that this has been an extremely cold winter in South Dakota, with the thermometer at 30 below very often, and continual snow since November. "I started one cold night in December," he writes, "for Fort Thompson in my jitney. Way down on the prairie, the trail suddenly disappeared on account of the deep drifts. Somehow, I got off the trail and found myself in a deep draw in a great big snow drift. I did not know where I was, so I retraced my way, following the fast filling tracks of the car. When I found the trail again, I got out and walked eight miles, carrying my grip, plowing through the deep snow, the night pitchy black, with no moon or stars to guide me. Then I met an Indian boy on a bronco, which he loaned to me to ride into Fort Thompson. The next day it took myself, catechist, and an Indian two hours to dig my car out of the snow."

The above is only one instance out of countless like



Two orphan boys at Marty

experiences in the daily life of a missionary during the winter out in the Dakotas. How their souls must burn with love and zeal for Jesus Christ when they will encounter and contend willingly with such odds! Is it for some earthly reward they labor? Oh no; they give all they have and all they can procure from others to their needy people, and even wear secondhand clothing themselves. Surely it may be said of them that they live in the land "where men are men," as the novelists have it, and such men! Giants in the cause of Christ!

More Experiences

The various missionaries have several parishes, all of them far apart, which they must visit in order to say Mass for the people. After having a ten or twelve hours' ride by sleigh, following a trail that led through the woods, down on the ice of the Missouri River, up a bluff on a narrow ledge, down again on the prairie, through the brakes and back onto the river ice again, a rough trail that meandered and zigzagged this way and that the missionary at last arrived at Big Bend.

"Having no stove in the church," continues Father Justin, "we moved the altar into a little room, 14 x 14, after having removed my army cot. I had to hear confessions sitting on a nail keg in the ice cold sacristy. I had taken it for granted that as soon as the Indians had made their confessions, they would go back to the heated rooms to say their penances. But instead, I found them kneeling in the cold church. There were a great many Indians, and they all received Holy Communion at the Mass that followed. I returned home well satisfied with the trip, and at the splendid spirit shown by the Indian people."

A Christmas Kiss

Father Ambrose tells this one: "At Christmas time I gave the matron of the Government school a small statue of the Christ Child, to be placed in one of the rooms where the children could always see it. Ninety-five per cent of the children at the Government school are Catholics, and so is the matron, so she willingly did this. On Christmas Eve there were the usual exercises, a tree, and the children had enjoyed a treat of candy. It being late when the doings were over, and the little eyes growing heavy, most of them went off to bed without washing their hands or faces.

"Sometime in the night, the matron was awakened by sundry queer noises. She arose to investigate, and came upon about twenty or so little white-gowned figures, tiptoeing down the corridor. 'Why, what does this mean?' asked she, slightly indignant. 'Please, we forgot to kiss the statue of Little Jesus. Please let us!' The matron, touched, smiled and told them to 'hurry up then,' and Little Jesus received a Christmas kiss from twenty little white-gowned, innocent-souled Indian kiddies. But oh, when morning arrived! The matron passed the statue, and thought it looked rather strange. She took it up and examined it, only to find that the Indian kiddies' Christmas kisses had been very sweet indeed, from their contact with Santa's sugary gifts, and Little Jesus had to have a bath!"



Indians hauling sand for the new school at Seven Dolores Mission

The New School

Although Father Ambrose's new church of the Seven Dolores is in use, pews, altars, stations, statues, etc., are needed. At present they are doing with the few simple things they have, saved from the disastrous fire of a year ago, and it will take time and careful saving to purchase everything needed. This church was built entirely by donations from sympathetic people from the States, who sorrowed with good Father Ambrose because of the misfortune he suffered. But let us not stop here; we would not want our Lord to dwell in a home totally devoid of all furnishings surely. So, in order to enable Father to purchase all the things needed, we must continue the good work of supporting him.

Through the generosity of a very good friend in Chicago, Father tells us, things begin to look bright for the building of a new school in the near future. In fact, the Indians are so eager to see this school go up, that they are even now hauling sand with their wagons and teams to the new site so that it will be all ready when the digging begins. This will be a real relief, as the Government school is so overcrowded and packed that there is scarcely room for all of them. The little children clap their hands and cry "Goodie, goodie!" when they hear that they are to have a new "sisters' school," and the good sisters, who were obliged to return to the mother house on account of lack of space, are yearning to come back and resume their work of love. Five of them still remain out of the fifteen who formerly taught at Seven Dolores.

Another "Good-Will" Club

Miss L. of Salem, Ind., writes to ask how she may form a "Good-will Club" for the benefit of the missions, similar to the one in Detroit, Mich., which is sending Father Ambrose such faithful assistance. She states she has a number of friends, who, she feels, would be glad to join a club of that kind, and wanted to know how to go about it. This is gladdening news. How many girls and boys who meet in a social way, might not be glad to put in their time profitably as a Mission Club, if only someone asked them. Girls and boys, why not form clubs of this kind, giving socials and enjoyable affairs to which you might invite your friends, charging a fee for admission, and sending the proceeds to the missions? You would be having a glorious time, and at the same time performing a work of charity.

Up in Chicago certain good friends of Father Sylvester have been giving "Bunco Parties" for his benefit, engaging a hall, and sending welcome sums to this hard-working missionary, who has just finished his new school, taken in more children, and therefore, needs a great deal more for "upkeep" than ever before.

We hope Miss L. will inform us how she and her club are getting on, sending us little items of interest, which we will gladly publish in this department of THE GRAIL. Let us hear from other young people on the subject. There seems to be a general revival of interest for the missions among the young people of our United States. May God bless their intentions, and grant great success to their projects.

(Continued on page 525)



AGNES BROWN HERING

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—There are some beautiful Bible verses on the March page of THE GRAIL Calendar, and I hope you have a copy so that you may read them, but for fear that all of you have no calendar, I shall copy a few of my favorites. Won't you memorize these, please, and then write and tell me about it?

Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord. He shall delight exceedingly in His commandments.

The path of the just departeth from evils; he that keepeth his soul keepeth his way.

Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away.

If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

Be humbled in the sight of the Lord and He will exalt you.

As silver is tried by fire and gold in the furnace, so the Lord trieth the hearts.



FATHER SYLVESTER WITH TEN LITTLE INDIANS AT ST. MEINRAD

Are you eager to know their names? From left to right: (1) Thelma Abdalla, whose mother is a full-blooded Sioux, but her father came from Palestine; (2) Delphine Grant, a Cree Indian, with admixture of French, who belongs to Seven Dolors Mission, but is attending school at Marty this year; (3) Dorothy Thomas, a full-blooded Sioux; (4) Ethel Medicine Horn, a full-blooded Sioux (not yet baptized); (5) Agnes Kito (the little one in front), a Sioux, whom the children nicknamed "Psipsichana" (Grasshopper); (6) the tallest is Ada Daugherty, whose mother is a full-blooded Sioux, but whose father is Irish. Ada converted her mother on her deathbed last June; (7) Edwin Medicine Horn (brother of Ethel, and likewise not yet baptized); (8) Noah Dion, Sioux with admixture of Mexican; (9) Charles Picotte or "Hunts in the Woods," Sioux; (10) Patrick Campbell, Sioux, with some white blood.

There are several important feast days in March, among them Saints Thomas Aquinas, Joseph, Patrick, and Benedict.

March contains ten fish days. Why?

The following beautiful poem, "Four Little Foxes," written by a poet of the present day, will bear reading several times. Do you not feel sorry for the baby foxes and wish you could give them shelter? Do you think they will starve to death?

Four Little Foxes

Speak gently, Spring, and make no sudden sound;
For in my windy valley, yesterday I found
New-born foxes squirming on the ground—
Speak gently.

Walk softly, March, forbear the bitter blow;
Her feet within a trap, her blood upon the snow,
The four little foxes saw their mother go—
Walk softly.

Go slightly, Spring, oh, give them no alarm;
When I covered them with boughs to shelter them from
harm,
The thin blue foxes suckled at my arm—
Go lightly.

Step softly, March, with your rampant hurricane;
Nuzzling one another, and whimpering with pain,
The new little foxes are shivering in the rain—
Step softly.

—Low Sarett in *Slow Smoke*.

A Crucifix

What wondrous power is Thine, O Cross!
Thou symbol of My Suffering Lord;
When erring mortals, warring here,
Are drawn to Thee, with one accord.

All Powerful One, Majestic, Great,
In Heaven and Earth, Thou God of All
Before whose slightest wish or will
The Lords of Nations stand or fall.

They look to Thee, O God of Wars!
And now Thou'rt with them in the strife,
And ape Thy majesty and power,
Thou Arbiter of Death and Life!

But we, the mites upon the field,
Suffer and die—nor court it loss,
If in Thy mercy we may be
Within the shadow of Thy Cross.

We love Thee best, when looking up to Thee
With eyes that glow or glaze in trench or field,
And see beyond the symbol of Thy Cross,
Eternal peace in Paradise revealed. M. L. H.

The following lines, in memory of his little sister, were written towards the end of the past school year by Hugo J. Collignon, a boy in the eighth grade of the parochial school at Fulda, Ind. Feeling a call to the holy priesthood, Hugo entered the Preparatory Seminary at St. Meinrad in September to begin his studies, which he is now diligently pursuing. May God give him the grace to persevere through the eleven or twelve years of study that are required.

IN MEMORY

I recall the sad time
At the age of nine
When our little Frida dear
Left this sorrowful sphere.

No bright shining star
Guided her across the bar.
It was Monday afternoon—
She flew to heaven too soon.

What made her smile at me?
What filled her heart with glee?
It was the little Jesus fair
Who called to her from over there.

Her sweet and loving face
Bids me to win the race.
In Heaven I hope to meet
My little sister at Jesus' feet.

Hugo J. Collignon, eighth grade, Fulda, Ind.

LETTER BOX

(All letters for the Children's Corner should be addressed to AGNES BROWN HERING, Royal, Nebraska.)

I think, now, that all the buttons have been mailed, but if there still are some of the CORNERITES who have buttons coming please let me know.

Almost every day I receive letters that have no margins, or only one. Read the rules.

Yesterday, a letter came that shocked me. The writer, not only was careless of her English, but she used *slang*! Think of it! A girl writing to a Catholic magazine and inserting *slang* in her letter, and expecting the editor to publish it!

That letter went right into the wastebasket as fast as it could travel, and that is just where all others like it are going.

Please write interesting letters. Let me emphasize that the public doesn't care whether your hair is red or black. It isn't anxious to know the color of your eyes nor how much you weigh. Tell something about your town, your county, your school. The books you like to read, the radio programs that you enjoy, the music that appeals to you.

Perhaps you have a relative who was in the Civil War, the World War, or some other war. Tell THE CORNER something of interest. Try to write a better letter than the best one that you have read.

I think that this CORNER is just the coziest place, don't you? How glad we are to admit the member of Australia, so far away from us.

I wish we might receive more letters from Canada, and England, and other countries across the water, as well as from our own country. There are many states from which we have not heard.

Please remember that from this day forth we want interesting letters. Read your letter over after it is finished and see if it contains an item of interest to strangers. If it does not, copy it again and insert something that is different than someone else had to tell.

Have you in your home, or do you know of someone who has an old curio, souvenir, or relic? Tell about it.

I know a little girl whose great-grandfather captured a whale, and who has a tooth of this whale. Someone else I know has a clock 100 years old; also a woman who has a powder horn that her ancestors carried in the Revolutionary War. Another woman has an old plaid shawl 150 years old.

Do you get the idea? Nose around a little bit, ask questions, and you will be surprised how many things you can find. Then write to the CORNER and tell of your discoveries. It will have to be an uncommon or unusual letter that wins the second prize button.

All together, pull for a better CORNER!

Write with pen and ink (or on typewriter), not with pencil; use only one side of the paper.

Your writing should be legible so that the typesetter can read your letter with ease.

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Your letter should be neat. Leave a margin of at least one inch at the left edge of the paper and another of about half an inch at the right edge.

Place your name on the right and your age on the left at the top.

Use correct English. Take care not to misspell any words.

FIDELITY BUTTON

Marie Mezydla (age 18), 2815 E. 88 St., Chicago, Ill.
Tommie Hess (age 18), 1814 Ekin Ave., New Albany, Ind.

Helene Ganser (age 15), 1003 Center St., Jefferson, Wis.

Dorthy Bramble (age 11), 2728 Walnut St., Evansville, Ind.

Clare Sobecki (age 15), 106 W. 4th St., Bayonne, N. J.

Helen O'Keefe (age 14), 1706 4th Ave., Council Bluffs, Ia.

Anna Mae Klein (age 18), 726 Baroness Ave., Louisville, Ky.

Louie Hanscombe (age 15), 8 Tincombe St., Canterbury, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia.

Geraldine Springer (age 15), 3503 Beach Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Georgeann Mueller (age 13), 3505 Beach Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Marie D. Racick, 3511 Deodar St., Indiana Harbor, Ind.

Margaret Moseley, 149 Morningside Ave., New York, N. Y.

Helen Stanick (age 11), 2622 W. Montgomery Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Edward and Lawrence Edwards (age 10 and 11), 5618 Wentworth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Lucille Sullivan, 1736 Garfield Ave., Terre Haute, Ind.

HONORABLE MENTION

Rose Isaac, who is twelve years old and in the seventh grade, writes to tell us of the picturesque place in which she lives among the mountains of Virginia. An important rule for letter writing was overlooked, so her message is broadcast by the editor. Next time she will remember. She asks to have other cornerites write her. Letters will reach her at E. P. Ave., Norton, Va.

Mary Margaret Leo, of 4027 So. Campbell St., Chicago, who is also in the seventh grade, attends St. Agnes School. She likewise forgot an important rule, which bars her letter from "The Corner" for this time. She desires cornerites to write her.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

Although mother has taken the "Grail" for two years, I have never written to the "Corner."

I am eleven years old and in sixth grade. I go to St. Agnes School.

I would like to have some girls and boys write to me. I will answer promptly.

By the way, I read Helen Shepens letter and think it is very good. I would like to correspond with her.

Hoping this letter will escape Mr. Wastebasket, I am, Your new niece, Helen Stanick.

We wish that all who write to the "Corner" could have seen this letter in the original. To read it was a pleasure. The letter was neat, the writing splendid, the sentences correct, and properly paragraphed. Cornerites, look to your laurels.

Dearest Aunt Agnes;

Day after day I watch the postmaster if he has a Grail for us. I suppose you wonder why? I might as well confess, its the "Children's Corner." That is the first thing I read.

I would like to join this little club in which you can

have many friends. I'm afraid that the age keeps me away.

I am eighteen. I do not work, but I am a house-keeper for my brothers and sisters. They call me Mother, because I take care of them just like every mother. We are orphans without mother or father.

I think this is plenty for the first time. If you accept me to this Corner, I am, Your brand new niece, Marie Mezydla, 2815 E. 88 St., Chicago, Ill.

You are a brave girl, Marie to be a mother to your orphaned brothers and sisters. You probably know that St. Therese, the "Little Flower," lost her mother when she was quite young and that her elder sister Pauline became her "little mother." And Pauline is now Mother Agnes of Jesus, the Mother Prioress of the Carmelite convent at Lisieux, where her sainted sister was also her daughter in religion. Yours is a precious charge.

Lack of space excluded many letters.

"Exchange" Smiles

"Smiles" Submitted by Robert L. Hering, Royal, Nebraska.

Teacher to class: Name a food that will make you strong.

Fred: Onions. (And Fred wondered why the class laughed.)

Teacher: Well Fred you may tell the class what the liver is.

Fred: The liver is a large piece of red meat.

Maxine and Lily were talking about swimming. "I thought I could swim until I got into that deep hole," said Maxine, "then I found out that I couldn't."

"Oh, I can swim," said Lily, "I lay on my back and go right along with the water."

"Of course," Maxine quickly replied, "the water carries you along. Any human being can do that."

To this Lily answered indignantly, "I'll have you understand I'm not a human being. I'm a Swede."

Heck: Do you have any trouble in the use of 'shall' and 'will'?"

Peck: None in the least. My wife says: 'You shall,' and I meekly say: 'I will.'—Ex.

Our Frontispiece

With masterly touch Hofmann here depicts the "Flight into Egypt." See the care-grooved brow and anxious look of Joseph, the visible Guardian Angel of his Creator, as he scours the desert to detect any sign of secret danger lurking nigh! Mary presses her Treasure close to her maternal heart, as though to offer her Child a safe retreat from the arm of the jealous tyrant. The Babe with omniscient gaze seems to pierce the unborn ages and there to view that appalling monstrosity, a creature exiling Him from His lawful Kingdom, the human heart, and enthroning therein the tyrant self-love, with his privy council, the infernal powers of darkness. How triumphant His entry into our heart in baptism, yet how short His stay! Scarcely does the dawning light of reason usher in a new life and rouse the human will to activity for its God and King, when that depraved faculty uses its new-found freedom to cast off the sweet yoke of Christ, and to subject itself to the most degrading tyranny of its un-

bridled lusts, thereby becoming a slave of the most cruel of masters, Satan. Jesus comes to save, Satan to destroy—*eternally*. Will it be hard to choose between these two masters?

Notes of Interest

(Continued from page 512)

for their knowledge of drilling and for the soldierly bearing they had acquired under their instructor, Capt. Edward G. Thompson.

—The Abbey of Ettal, dating from 1330, which belongs to the Bavarian Congregation in Germany, has begun the foundation of a monastery on the Lower Rhine for the purpose of training missionaries for the reunion of the Orthodox, and the pastoral care of the Catholic Russians, who after the World War flocked into Germany. According to the N. C. W. C. correspondent from Germany it is the desire of the Holy Father that the Benedictines take over this work. "The Holy Father," he says, "having in mind the eventual reunion of the Russians with the Catholic Church, has indicated that the pastoral care of the Russians should be an outstanding task of the Benedictines, since that Order is the oldest, and, because of its conservatism, still has great influence in that extensive country. While these first new Benedictine monasteries (the one at Amay-sur-Meuse in Belgium included) are being founded outside of Russia, it is hoped that future monasteries of the Order will be founded within the limits of the country, the conversion of whose people is sought."

—Those who were not fortunate enough to have a personal acquaintance with the Rev. Lukas Etlin, O. S. B., who met death in an automobile accident on Dec. 16, have been greatly edified by the truly virtuous life that he led, brief accounts of which appeared in *Tabernacle and Purgatory* for January and February. These accounts are an inspiration for all who read them. Father Lukas was a man of prayer, a man of great love for Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. He was likewise a devout child of Mary, for whom he had the greatest veneration. During nearly thirty-six years it was his special privilege, in training postulants and novices for the sisterhood, to mold adorers for the perpetual adoration of the Holy Eucharist. All these years he was chaplain of the Benedictine Convent of Perpetual Adoration at Clyde, Mo. His love for the Blessed Sacrament was always in evidence. "One of our great regrets on our deathbed," he was accustomed to say, "will be that we have not realized our Great Gift: Jesus with us in the Blessed Sacrament."

—By royal order of Nov. 19, 1927, the church of Our Lady of Montserrat at Madrid, Spain, was given back to the Benedictines of Silos. Here in the eleventh century the Benedictines established the monastery of St. Martin of Madrid, where they remained till the secularization in 1835.

—Rt. Rev. Medardus Kohl, O. S. B., Titular Bishop of Samosate and Auxiliary Bishop in the See of Gran, the See of the newly-created Cardinal Seredi, O. S. B., died shortly after his arrival in Budapest on his return

from the ceremonies in which Hungary's new Primate was consecrated Archbishop by the Holy Father and created Cardinal. The deceased was a native of Radalfva. Having made his religious profession in the Archabbey at Martinsberg, Pannonia, on July 4, 1881, he was ordained to the priesthood on July 25, 1885. On Dec. 17, 1900, he was preconized bishop.

—The opening in Glenstal Castle, Co. Limerick, Ireland on Jan. 19, of the Priory of St. Joseph and St. Columba by monks from Maredsous Abbey in Belgium was quite a notable event. Rt. Rev. Celestin Golenvaux, O. S. B., Abbot of Maredsous, was present at the opening, as was also Most Rev. Dr. Harty, Archbishop of Cashel, who presided. Rt. Rev. Dr. Keane, Bishop of Limerick, and a numerous company of clergy and other distinguished guests attended the celebration. The Castle, with its great round tower, had been offered to the Government at Dublin, but was declined because of its distance from the seat of government. Through the generosity of Mgr. James J. Ryan, of Thurles, who had purchased this desirable property and presented it to the monks of Maredsous, was the foundation made possible. The Priory opens with eight monks, who will develop a school of arts and crafts and possibly in time a school similar to that of Downside in England may develop. In due time, no doubt, Glenstal Priory will become an abbey. The beginning is most auspicious. In time, too, we may look for other Benedictine foundations in Ireland. Yet the rule of St. Benedict is not unknown on the Isle of Saints, for the Cistercian observance has been followed there since the days of St. Bernard. The last Benedictine abbey was suppressed in 1183. 12-1813-

—In September of the past year the Abbey of St. Peter at Salzburg, Austria, which dates back to the seventh century, was raised to the rank of Archabbey, with Abbot Peter Klotz as Archabbot.

—The Benedictine Sisters of the foreign-mission Congregation of St. Ottilien, who labor conjointly with the monks of the same Congregation in Southern Africa for the conversion of the natives, have received into the novitiate four young native women for the purpose of forming a congregation of Oblates of St. Benedict to work for the conversion of their own race.

—In the seminary chapel at Barcelona, Spain, occurred on Dec. 16 the impressive ceremony of conferring the oblate scapular of St. Benedict on eighty seminarians. Great solemnity attended this ceremony, which was performed by the Rt. Rev. don Antonio M. Marcet, O. S. B., Abbot of Montserrat Abbey.—These new recruits of the secular clergy are, as the chronicler records, engrafted on the ancient Benedictine trunk, adorned during so many centuries with flowers and holy fruits, as Dante so beautifully puts it.

A Shepherd and His Flock

(Continued from page 508)

"It is I who must not miss the train to-day," I replied with all harshness I could command. 'It is I who am going on the pilgrimage this

time. I advise you to turn over and have another nap."

"Stupefied for the moment, she sank down upon the pillow. To my surprise she remained silent. I opened the door of the bedroom and began to wrap the duck in a piece of newspaper,—it was on the kitchen table. Suddenly she cried out: 'What rustling is that?'"

"I am wrapping my duck that I roasted yesterday."

"Ah! *your* duck," she cried, "it is *my* duck,—the ducks are all mine, as you very well know. I attend them and feed them. They belong to me."

"And then, as I started to go out of the house, she shrieked louder and louder, so that you could have heard her at the post office: 'You will pay for that duck,—not only in silver, but in other ways. Remember M. Zephyrin.'"

"I laid a franc upon the kitchen table, hoping that the sight of it would prove to her that I did not dispute her claim as to her ownership of the duck; hoping also that my generosity in the manner of payment might touch her heart and spare me a scene on my return. At any rate no one can deny that I have shown myself to be the master of my own house."

"For the first time, I fancy," remarked Martha, nudging her neighbor, the postmistress, who smiled in the darkness.

The daughter of the apothecary was also smiling.

Poli grinned. Zephyrin bent forward in an effort to scan the faces of his companions, but it was too dark to see their expressions. He sat back in his corner a little uncertain as to the effect upon them of his last triumphant speech.

The train had passed Pau, when the pastor, —took his beads from his pocket.

"Let us recite the Rosary," he said.

The people followed his example. The rustle of the beads and the rising and the falling of many voices in devout prayer occupied the remainder of the time until they had arrived at the station, where the wagons were waiting to complete the journey.

Another hour saw them safely and quietly in their homes, for it was almost midnight.

(To be Continued)

The Irish are Scots

(Continued from page 510)

fact that the original Scots lived in Ireland, and that most of the Irish people of to-day are their descendants. In Scotland, as in Ireland, there were and are other racial strains,—Danes, Normans, Saxons, other Celts; but the ancestry of Scotchmen of pure Scots' blood runs directly back to forebears who lived in Ireland.

Abbey and Seminary

—On the evening of January 26 a band of Indians swooped down upon us quite unexpectedly. They did not, however, come like the Indians in the tales of yore, on the warpath, bedaubed with gaudy paints and bedecked with eagle feathers, girded with knife and tomahawk, seeking scalps as trophies. Could the surrounding hills speak, they might tell of just such escapades that took place here a hundred years and more ago where "Pax" is now the motto. An occasional arrowhead of flint may still be turned up with the soil—silent tongues that tell of bloody deeds that once were done. As in former times the warriors, mounted on ponies fleet of foot, hastened to take the enemy by surprise, so the present group sped over prairies and plain in a swiftly-moving automobile. It was Father Sylvester who had made the long trip with "ten little injuns" on an errand to Chicago. Being so near to home (the 300 miles intervening is less than one-third of the whole distance to the mission), he did not wish to return without presenting to us for inspection some samples of the raw material he has to work with. The samples stood the test. They proved to be real children, affectionate, playful, even mischievous, but were attached to their missionary. The entertainment put on was brief—a few dances, including the war dance in miniature, some songs in Sioux and in English and the "spiel" was over. On another page we present a picture of the group with their missionary. Father Sylvester told us that the little ones are bright and quick to learn. Despite the fact that at the mission these children have school half of the day and work the other half in kitchen, bakery, laundry, sewing room, on the farm, learning how to help themselves later on and become useful citizens, they make better grades in the public examinations than the white children.

—The annual retreat took place immediately after the examinations which closed the first semester. Father Gilbert, O. S. B., of St. John's Abbey, Minn., preached the retreat for the priests and the clerics of the Abbey, while Father Hilary, O. S. B., of the same place, led the students of College and Seminary into solitude. In the following week from Feb. 5 to 10 Father Didacus, O. F. M., of Chicago, conducted the retreat for the lay brothers.

—February 14th was the thirtieth anniversary of the death of Abbot Fintan, who died in 1898 revered for his unaffected piety and humility. Abbot Fintan Mundwiler was born in Switzerland, on July 12, 1835. Having made his religious profession at Einsiedeln on Oct. 14, 1855, he was ordained to the priesthood on Sept. 11, 1859. Abbot Martin Marty, the first to bear that dignity at St. Meinrad, feeling that he could not resist the longing to go to Dakota Territory to evangelize the Sioux Indians, remained superior until his consecration as Vicar Apostolic of the great territory that he was evangelizing. Thereupon, the chapter met at the Abbey on February 3, 1880, and elected Prior Fintan as its abbot. The new abbot received the solemn blessing of the Church on May 23 of the same

year, when he was officially clad in pontificals and given ring and crosier. Eighteen years of hardships and sufferings were still to be allotted to him. During this time (Sept. 2, 1887) his abbey was destroyed by fire. The last years of his life were filled with sufferings patiently borne till God called His servant to Himself on Feb. 14, 1898. Each year his successor in office, Abbot Athanasius celebrates a Pontifical Requiem on the anniversary.

Book Notices

From the Christopher Publishing House, Boston:

"The Vase of Bronze," by Myrtle Fuller Logan is a strange story of a Japanese Vase made by "Kamur, the Mad Potter," in 1860. The volume also contains fifteen poems on various subjects. Board. 45 Pages. Price \$1.50. P. K.

"To My Loves" is a pamphlet of short poems from the pen of Mary Masten. The forty-three poems of the collection tell of Mary's varied loves of the beauty and inspiration around her, ranging from the rose in her garden to the soaring heights in the cockpit with "The Lindbergh Ace." Paper. 49 Pages. Price \$.75. P. K.

"The Chant of the Seasons and Other Poems," by Lilla Poole Price, sings to us of the beauties of the four seasons and sounds again the sweetest note ever struck from the harp of the human heart—Love—in its manifold expression, that claims all seasons as her own. Paper. 25 Pages. Price \$1.00. P. K.

Correct serving at the Altar—A detailed description of the manner in which the Church wishes her clerics (altar boys) to acquit themselves of their duties in the sanctuary. Based on Wapelhorst's *Compendium Sacrae Liturgiae* (1925), by Rev. Gilbert F. Esser, C. PP. S., Messenger Print, Carthage, Ohio; price, 25¢; ten or more copies 15¢; fifty or more at special prices.

This booklet is to be recommended. It is well worked out and very exhaustive for the needs of altar boys. I do not agree, however, that the server should bow at the name of "Jesus" whilst kneeling. *Reverentia maior includit minorem*. It is very practical to give the pronunciation of the Latin prayers. A. B.

Pray the Mass — "The Ordinary of the Mass" in Latin and English, "The Mass and Absolution of the Dead," "The Marriage Ceremony," and "The Nuptial Mass," with Instructional Notes by Rev. J. E. Moffat, S. J. An aid to join the priest in the same prayers that he says and to follow his actions step by step. With Mass pictures after special drawings in accordance with the ceremonial of the Church. Contains directions for reciting Mass prayers in common or dialogue form. (Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago; price, 25¢.)

A handy prayer book for everyone who wishes to follow the priest at the altar during the Most Holy Sacrifice. A. B.

The Belief of Catholics, by Father Ronald Knox. Harper & Brothers Publishers, New York and London. Price, \$2.00. Imprimatur.

Deep and widespread interest in religion we may observe in our days. The reason we can easily see in the conditions of to-day. The above volume is one of a series treating religion. The author is a convert. The following subjects are treated in this volume: The Modern Distaste for Religion; The Catholic notion of God; Where Protestantism fails; The air Catholics breathe; the truths Catholics hold; The rules Catholics recognize; The end Catholics desire; Catholicism and the

future. From these titles one can easily see of what interest this book will be to the reader. The author treats these subjects thoroughly and one can hardly stop reading it. May it find many readers! A. B.

Catholic Central-Verein of America. (National Federation of German American Catholics.) Officieller Bericht ueber die 71ste Generalversammlung, abgehalten zu Philadelphia, Pa., vom 20.—24. August, 1927; Saint Paul, Minn. Wanderer Printing Co. 1927. This is the official report which contains not only the proceedings of the convention but also those of the Central Bureau of St. Louis and reports of different State Leagues. Perusing the same, one will get an idea of the importance of this society and also the great work it is doing, especially the Central Bureau in spite of the meager means at its command. It is a pity that the clergy to a great extent take no interest in this work which is so beneficial to the Church. May it increase and find many benefactors! A. B.

Reception to His Eminence Patrick Cardinal Hayes is a report containing the proceedings of the reception together with the different addresses made. From this report one may gather the great importance of the undertaking of publishing the "Universal Knowledge." A. B.

The Cardinal of Charities—An appreciation of his Eminence Patrick Cardinal Hayes, Archbishop of New York, Edited and published by the Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate, St. Joseph Convent, 328 West 71st St., New York City. Price, \$3.00.

This book reads like a beautiful story. It captivates the reader and holds him to the last. The reader will be inspired by the ideal depicted therein. Clergy as well as laymen will benefit by perusing it. May it find many readers! A. B.

The Evolution of Man Scientifically Disproved, in 50 arguments. By Rev. William A. Williams, D. D. 1202 Atlantic Ave., Camden, N. J. Price, \$1.00.

The author is well versed in his subject. He examines the proofs or rather hypotheses of the evolutionist and answers them in an easy and clear manner. He shows the danger to faith in our schools where infidels inculcate their fallacies and errors. The subject is treated from a Christian, not a Catholic, standpoint. A. B.

Stella Marvin, by Marie Tello Philips. Published by Harold Vinal, Ltd., 526 5th Ave., New York. Price, \$2.50.

"Stella Marvin" is a problem novel, packed with action and thronged with vivid characters, who know their own minds and have enough courage to see clearly. The authoress is a poet—proves it in this story, which forms pleasant reading. A. B.

From Arnel O'Connor's criticism of *Cameos*, a book of verse by Nancy Buckley, we make the following excerpts:

Nancy Buckley has a way with her—which means that she gives to her work a charm that makes criticism difficult, and nearly always unnecessary.... A bird sings because it must, and Nancy Buckley's muse is as effortless, and very often as bewitching.... Throughout her work we discover how fragrant and transparent her memories are. Nearly every poem has the lightness, the beauty, and the importance of a sigh of ecstasy.... Her poetry is more a heart-impelled expression of the joy of life than its measured explanation.... Her poems tell me that the best way to live one's life is to enjoy it to the full, to love it for God's and our neighbour's sake, and to give thanks. Of course she is supremely right.

The Common Cold

HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER, M. D.

DR. CHARLES MAYO, one of the great Mayo Brothers of Rochester, was asked to speak before a Medical convention in Southern Minnesota. Those of us who were preparing the program were quite curious to know what he would take for his subject. We saw so many strange affections pass through the clinic each year that we looked for a discourse on some of the rare maladies that had taxed his skill.

In due time a kindly reply came to our invitation, accepting it and saying that he would speak on the subject of "Ingrowing Toenails." This simple letter carried a tremendous lesson. The common affections that plague us are as deserving of the attention of the great humanists as the rare and complicated diseases. It is "the little foxes that spoil the vines." The common cold, no matter what its Sunday name, is always with us. We all know its symptoms and its signs—pains in the muscle, depression, sometimes sore throat, flushed cheeks, suffused eyes, dry cough, and a rise of temp.

The cause is always the same. Our cold comes from inhaling germ laden air. Contributing causes are exhaustion, hunger, exposure to cold or wet, or anything that lowers the vitality, but none of these things will produce a cold without the main causes—the inhaling of germ laden air or what we call "infection." This is exemplified in the case of arctic explorers, who are exposed to all the contributory causes, but in the pure air of these desolate regions do not develop the common cold. The entrance of infection is through the nose, for we breathe through that organ alone. God never intended that we should breathe through the mouth, and did not prepare it for that function. Better to understand the prevention of colds, which is the main point, we will consider the nose carefully.

2

The nose is, so to speak, on the very outpost against disease. Those who do not know its function sometimes think it is just for sticking in other people's business, but as a matter of fact it has quite a little business of its own. The nose is a hollow chamber divided into two apartments. The dividing wall is called the "Septum." Each apartment has an upstairs and each upstairs has a second upstairs, and this second upstairs has an attic. The floors of these different stories are formed by curved bony processes, sprung from the septum. They are not complete floors, but allow of the passage of air into all the compartments. The purpose of this rather complicated arrangement is to afford a considerable surface, warm and moist, for the air to pass over before it is drawn into the lungs.

Now this whole nose chamber with all its upstairs and downstairs and its curving floors is lined with a beautiful, soft, pink material of the most exquisite texture called the mucous membrane, and bedded into it are a thousand thousand tiny glands that secrete a substance almost like the white of an egg. In health there is only

sufficient of this substance to keep the parts comfortably moist, but if there is irritation from infection seeking entrance, these glands secrete rapidly in an attempt to wash out the poison and we say of this stage: "my nose is running. I am afraid I am catching cold." This lining of the nose also contains the organs of the sense of smell, but they are what we call "specialized" and have nothing to do with protection from infection, though sometimes there is so much swelling of the membrane that we lose the sense of smell for a time. You may have noticed hairs surrounding the opening of the nostrils. That is the first line of defense against the enemy. They act as a sort of strainer to the air as it enters. Besides these there is an invisible set of hairlike processes on the membrane especially in the narrower places always waving and always waving outward to facilitate the discharge of the secretions. So you see that the nose is not only the organ of smell but the outermost post against air-borne diseases.

3

If the nose is to do its duty, it should be kept in fighting trim, so to speak. If the space immediately behind the nose, called the "post nasal space," is allowed to fill up with adenoids so that most of the air enters through the mouth, if the septum is pushed to one side because the curved bones that divide the different compartments are enlarged, or their covering thickened or swollen, if the free passage of air is prevented in the different parts, or the free discharge of the secretions, how can we expect the nose to do its part?

4

Now that you have had a sort of introduction to your nose, don't you think it is quite important? Don't you think it would be worth your while to take your child to your family physician and have this outpost of health carefully examined even in the preschool age? The earlier the defect is observed the easier it is of correction. There are conditions in which a careful swabbing of the nostrils with a bland ointment, a gentle medicated spray of a warm non-irritating solution, or even a bath from the hand for older children, may prevent serious trouble later.

This bath from the hand is very simple and effective. The palm of the hand is cupped and about a tablespoonful of the warm solution poured into it. Dip the nose in until the solution covers the nostrils and draw a long breath. The solution is drawn through into the mouth and can be spit out.

5

The matter of medication for the nose is very simple, when taken in time. Any home affords some thing that can be used with advantage, not that eternal interference is recommended, for the secretions, of which we have already spoken, are the best protection against infection, but when these secretions are no longer flowing, or if they are flowing, have become changed, and no longer effective, they can well be reenforced by a bath of even plain warm salt water, using one level teaspoonful of common table salt to a teacupful of

(Continued on page 525)



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

Hidden Gold

CHAPTER XXI

STRICKEN

MOVING day came and went, and the little flat of three rooms was soon fixed up, the furnishings being of the simplest. But the two seemed to feel an odd exhilaration in the doing of it, since work is the best soothing syrup in the world for sorrow.

"Do you know," said Jasper, standing up on a ladder and taking the picture that Maud handed up to him, "I believe it does a person good to tear up the house and fix things all over every now and then, don't you think so? Keeps one from stagnating and getting into a rut."

"Yes, it is rather fun rearranging things. If only mother were here, we would not care if we had one dollar or a million, would we? It would be so cozy and homelike." A shade of sadness crossed Jasper's face.

"Wouldn't it, though? I would insist that she remain home and just keep house for us while we worked, and forget all about businesses and bills and creditors. I would make her rest and take things easy after all she went through. But I doubt if she could rest content with just plain housekeeping after running a business for so many years. She had wonderful executive ability, Maud."

"I know she did. Oh, I wonder if we'll ever find her?" The small boudoir clock on Maud's dresser chimed out the hour of five, and almost immediately after, a knock sounded on the door.

"Ha! So you couldn't wait until evening, could you?" laughed Jasper, as he admitted James, who carried several bundles in his arms.

"No, frankly, I couldn't. I felt I ought to be on the job helping you two, and I know you've forgotten all about eating and such humdrum things, so I stopped at the corner delicatessen, and brought you a hot supper. Come, drop that hammer, Maud, and let us all sit down at once. Then we'll throw the paper plates out the window—no dishwashing to-night—and I'll help shove around a few pianos and beds and buffets—"

"Which, fortunately, we haven't got," supplemented Jasper, getting out knives and forks from a tub in which they had been packed. James looked around.

"You don't mean to say you've given your beds to the creditors too?"

"No, not exactly, but we have precious little to shove around—which, taken all in all, is really not so terrifying when you come to think of it. On cleaning day Maud and I will no doubt be thankful for the little we have to dust. Won't we, Maud?"

"Indeed, yes," laughed she. "We'll be too busy making money to think of cleaning a lot of frills and furbelows when we come home."

"It will be rather hard, climbing to the third story, though, I imagine," continued James. "I suppose you had a hard time finding anything on the first floor." Jasper smiled.

"Yes; very hard—for the price we were willing to pay. But then, there is a silver lining to every cloud. You see, we won't have to worry about the elevator getting out of order, because there is none, and it will be fun watching the birds nesting in those trees just opposite the windows there. Do you see that old, abandoned nest up in that fork? Well, doubtless it will have tenants in spring."

"Yes, but you won't have time to watch them, Daddy, with all the work you're taking home to do."

"Oh yes I will. I'll move the table just opposite the window, and between columns I can always glance up and take a peep out at them. I love a mass of green just outside the window, don't you? In summer it will blot out the ugly street below, and make us forget the neighborhood we're in. Not that it isn't handy for the purpose of getting to work. Why, it takes only fifteen minutes to the heart of town from here. We will both appreciate that."

"Yes, and won't I appreciate the fact that you are now only two squares away from my boarding house! I won't need a taxi now."

"That is fine," said Maud, teasingly. "You can come up every night and do the dishes for me."

"All right! Don't think I won't. That's not only an invitation but a command—and you won't need to command twice." Jasper laughed.

"No; I guess not. I'm afraid you are going to wear out a little shoe leather before you sign the contract to do the dishes permanently." James shrugged.

"Oh, well, a little leather more or less. I'd wait a hundred years for Maud if it had to be."

The days sped on, and James kept his word, sometimes going for a walk with Maud after the dishes were away, sometimes helping Jasper with his interminable

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columns of figures, sometimes just sitting around, smoking a pipe, and watching Maud at her little tasks of mending or darning, or ironing. It was very domestic and peaceful, and James often wished they might already be married, and live together just like this. He could not imagine Jasper out of the picture, and did not want to. For he loved his kind benefactor like a son. But he hesitated to mention it, knowing how Maud felt about helping Jasper until he was out of debt.

Maud obtained a position in a millinery shop, where her deftness with the needle soon earned her a raise. But she used this only as a stepping stone to something higher. She decided to take a night course in secretarial work, and with the money she earned as milliner, she paid off her tuition month by month. When she finished, the school obtained a good-paying position for her, and then she felt that with her present earning capacity, her money, pooled with Jasper's would wipe out their debt in a very few years, and then—she would be free to think of her own life and happiness.

Two, three, four years marched steadily by, during which, the two, father and foster daughter, worked faithfully, morning, noon and night, counting each penny, denying themselves all but necessities, slowly but surely amassing the amount which, when paid back, would free their name from all stain. Meanwhile, not one word could be learned of the whereabouts of Madame, although every possible means had long been exhausted in the search. Jasper sighed when the last report was handed him.

"I've about given up hope," he said sadly. "I am afraid she is dead; no one could hide himself so effectively and leave no trace."

"Still, we mustn't give up praying—at least for some word, some clew, which will give us an inkling what has become of her."

"No; I'll not give up praying until my last breath. If human methods do not succeed, then supernatural must. But wait—" Jasper suddenly changed his sad expression to a smile, as he rummaged in his inside coat pocket and brought out a bank book. "Look here, Maudie. Pretty soon you can put in the order for your wedding veil. It won't be long now. See here the nice fat piece of interest they marked down for me today? If we can keep up as we have been doing, we will have the balance of the amount paid up inside of six months more." Maud grew pale and then blushed.

"Daddy dear! Is it possible? I hadn't dreamed it would be so soon!"

"Well, how much longer did you expect to wait? Listen, dear; I've an idea. Why not have the wedding now, as soon as you can get ready and—" But Maud put up her hand.

"No, Daddy. I vowed to myself that every penny of that debt must be paid before I think of myself. James and I have waited this long, six months more won't hurt us."

So they agreed to continue as they had been doing, and so once again the beautiful spring time came over the land—over sweet, open country and dingy, crowded city, and the first tender, new leaves began to unfold

just outside Maud and Jasper's windows, and gave joy to both. Jasper had thrown open the sash as soon as he arrived home, and seated himself before it, at the table which contained his books and various writing materials, meaning to do a little work before Maud arrived. But the soft air was so perfumed and enticing, that it lured him to rest his chin on his hands and just stare into the green leaves and dream.

A curious wistful loneliness was upon him, and yet he did not feel exactly unhappy; in his heart he felt such a strong trust in the power of prayer that he felt Madame surely would be found some day—how near or distant that day, he left to God. But he never would stop trusting and praying. He took up his pen and wrote down a row of dates in his book. But the next moment he caught himself dreaming again.

"What's wrong with me?" he asked himself. "Can't I work to-night? I must have spring fever or something." The queer languor was gaining in strength, and it was with an effort that he forced himself to work. But presently, hearing Maud's step on the stair, he threw down his pen and arose, stretching himself to get the stiffness out of his bones.

"Ah, my dear; glad you came just now. I've an awful attack of spring fever. I believe your old daddy is getting lazy." Maud kissed him affectionately and linked her arm in his as they both went to the kitchen.

"Yes, Daddy, you look very lazy indeed, keeping up three jobs at a time and helping to cook and do the housework. Do you know what I am going to do? Make you sit right down in that rocking chair while I get the supper myself. Shut your eyes and don't open them until I ring the dinner bell. Now, be a good Daddy and obey your Maudie. You're plumb tired out, and I'm not in the least surprised that you have spring fever. It's a wonder you haven't got worse than that." But Jasper would not permit himself the luxury of a rocking chair seat while another did all the labor. He was used to doing his share, and he never intended doing less as long as he was able to do at all.

As they were clearing the table, James came in as usual, and taking off his hat and coat, went straight for the dish towel.

"It seems a shame for you to do the wiping every night when you not even helped to dirty the dishes," said Maud, trying to take the towel from him. But he would not allow it.

"I'm paying Mrs. Bergen good money for my meals, so why shouldn't I dirty her dishes instead of yours?" For they had often asked him to take supper with them, but he, knowing how hard they were working to pay off their debt, would not allow them to go to the extra expense.

"Come on, let's hurry," he continued. "Let's get finished and then go down to see a good movie. What do you say, Daddy? Suppose you leave your books to spend the evening by themselves and come with us? It's too beautiful an evening to waste indoors." But Jasper smiled and shook his head.

"All work and no play, Daddy," reminded Maud. "You know the old adage. You've been applying a

little too hard, all winter, I'm thinking. Better ease up a little these lovely spring evenings.' But Jasper still shook his head.

"What do you think, children? Why I would fall back so far with the work, I would never get caught up. No, no. Six months from now, I'll think of dropping the two evening jobs—but not until then." Try as they would, they could not shake him, but he insisted that they should not stay at home on his account. So they went themselves, a little regretfully, it is true, for they both loved him devotedly, and felt a little sorry to leave him all alone, plugging there at his books.

The movie was a good one—a war story, and afterward James insisted that they stop at a certain pretty candy shop, where blue and white tables were enticingly grouped beneath silken Jap lanterns. Having enjoyed an elaborately prepared sherbet, Maud suggested that they take home a box of frozen cream to Jasper, who would doubtless be hot and tired from his long evening's tussle with his figures. Having purchased this, and some little cakes and a bottle of cherries, they wended their way leisurely homeward, discussing many things, and laughing light-heartedly over the thought that in six months their long wait would be over, and their dream realized.

As they came down the street, they could see Jasper's lighted window through the new foliage of the trees, and as they approached closer, they watched closely, thinking he might lean out to see if they were not coming. But he did not, and so they lightly ran up the two flights of stairs. Opening the door, Maud was about to burst happily in, when she stopped short.

"Oh! He's sleeping, poor dear," she said pityingly, as she beheld his head bowed down upon his arms. "I think he is just about worn out with all this night work," she whispered to James. "I'll be so glad when he can give it up." She tiptoed about, so as not to wake him.

"But what about this cream?" asked James. "It will melt."

"Yes, that's true. Shall I wake him? I believe that would be best. He will only be all stiff in his bones from lying on the table like that." So she went over to him and circling his head with her arm, gently kissed his temple.

"Daddy—Daddy dear—wake up. We've brought you some cream. You must eat it, before it melts." She gently patted his poor old gnarled hand, but he did not move. Again she called and kissed and patted him, but there was no response. Then a horrible thought came to her, and she became frantic. "Daddy! Daddy, wake up! James! James! I believe he is dead!" For she had raised his head and lifted him, and his body suddenly began sliding down off the chair, to the floor. Half beside herself, she began sobbing and calling him, shaking him and endeavoring to awaken him. But in vain. They lifted him to his bed, and tried restoratives, but not even a feeble flicker of an eyelid rewarded them.

"Run to the next square and get Dr. Keiran, quick, Jim!" she cried, in a panic. "And oh, if you love me,

hurry, hurry!" James leaped down the stairs three at a time, and in three minutes more was impatiently awaiting an answer to his ring at the doorbell. Fortunately the doctor was in, and came at once. Having examined the patient, he shook his head.

"Stroke," he said, shortly. "Right side."

"Oh, please, please tell me he will live!" begged Maud. The doctor shrugged.

"I'll tell you frankly—he may, and then again, he may not. But we're going to try awfully hard." Having rolled up his sleeves, and opened his satchel, he prepared for a hard fight. Maud, swallowing back her tears, rushed about, getting hot water, towels, anything the doctor asked for, while James raced to the drug store for the medicines needed.

It was not until morning that the tense workers were rewarded by a flutter and a sigh, and the beloved grey eyes opened and tried to realize what it all meant. At once Maud was down on her knees beside him, caressing him tenderly, and calling him every beautiful name her overflowing affection could invent. Her first thought was for his soul. Gently she told him what was necessary, so as not to startle him, but even in serious illness, Jasper's great soul was unafraid. An unearthly sweetness shone from those faithful grey eyes, as he feebly nodded his head, and with difficulty enunciated, "Priest."

Father Willard came immediately after Mass, heard his confession, and gave him Holy Communion, anointing him afterward. A heavenly peace lay upon his countenance as he softly fell asleep, pressing a crucifix to his heart.

(To be continued)

Vocations

A certain young girl went to visit her aunt for the purpose of bidding her farewell before her entrance into a convent.

"Oh, you great fool!" was the aunt's disgusted comment. "Is that the best you can do?"

"Aunty," replied the girl, "do you think I could do better than give myself to the King of Heaven and earth?" But the remark was lost upon the worldly aunt, who still adhered to her first opinion—that her niece was a fool.

Alas, how many and many a vocation is lost in this world through ill comments, through persecution, through every sort of obstacle raised in the path of the one so called! And this not by outsiders, but by the inner circle of home folks—those upon whom one would naturally look as one's best friends, instead of the bitter enemies they really are.

In this world of materialism, the old-fashioned virtues are all but forgotten—nay, they are laughed at as something obsolete, something to be relegated up to the attic, along with spinning wheels and hoop skirts and grandpa's old beaver top hat. Any girl signifying her intention of giving up the world is looked upon as one taking leave of her senses. "What can she see in being locked up within four walls?"

Ah, what indeed! She alone can tell of the mystical vision beckoning to her—her Beloved, imprisoned in the

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tabernacle, calling, ever calling to her to come to Him, to give up the world and its foolishness, to devote her life to charity, to the instruction of little children, to the missions,—to Him! The girl in whose heart Almighty God has implanted the seed of a vocation, already has a foretaste of the spiritual paradise of those who give up all for their Lord. They go, not for a life of ease, not to be rid of all trouble and responsibility, not to indulge a whim or notion, but to taste of the sweets of belonging to God alone.

Why are all orders crying for postulants, for teachers in their overflowing schools, for nurses in their great, growing hospitals? Is it because there are fewer vocations in the hearts of our young people today, or is it because modernism, materialism, and the mad seeking for pleasure and luxury and amusement is stifling this God-given seed, which has tried in vain to sprout and grow heavenwards?

What do our Catholic mothers think about it? In their hands lies the power to foster vocations in their children. Have we not all heard the remark—"Oh, I'd never let any of my girls go to the convent." What if one of her girls did develop the sacred desire to belong to God—would she work against it until she had uprooted it? Does such a mother know that she is condemning her child to lifelong unhappiness—that a vocation thwarted burns with regret throughout life, and turns to bitter dregs life's sweetest wine in some other state than the one she was meant for?

Recipes

CRANBERRIES WITH BANANAS: Wash a quart of cranberries and boil with sugar in the usual way. Allow one banana for each person; cut in halves lengthwise, and then again in the width, so as to make four halves. Arrange in a row on individual serving dishes, and squeeze lemon juice over each. Then pour on the hot cranberries, and put away to chill. Top with whipped cream when ready to serve.

BROILED SWEET POTATOES: Boil the potatoes until tender, then peel. Cut in halves lengthwise, dip in melted butter, and place on broiler, turning until browned on both sides.

HINTS

Core the apples for baking and fill cavity with nuts and sugar.

Slice the left-over meat loaf, and serve in sandwich with sliced Bermuda onion. Stuff celery sticks with peanut butter, slightly salted.

The Common Cold

(Continued from page 521)

warm water. Boracic acid can be used in the same proportions.

In these days when nearly every mother has the advantage of the advice of the school nurse for her child, there is little excuse for her allowing some defect of the nose to become so chronic that it calls for operation.

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It will be seen that the nose is quite a complicated

structure, even from this passing acquaintance, but we have only seen the gross part of the interior. We will now consider its allies and halls and back rooms. The nose not only opens into the lungs directly through the throat and windpipe, but it has a passage on either side leading into a secret chamber known as the middle ear. There is also an opening into a chamber located in the cheek bones known as the "Antrum of Highmore," and lastly there is a kind of lattice work between that little place which we have already described as the attic, which gives access to the chamber in the lower part of the forehead, called the Frontal Sinus.

Now if we get infection in any of these places, we will surely have a job for the doctor. He will call it "Mastoid" trouble, if it is in the middle ear, or "Antral" trouble if in the cheek bones, or "Frontal Sinus" trouble if it is in the forehead, but you will stand the pain and pay the fees, and consider yourself lucky to have a doctor in your distress. You would not have had trouble in these hidden places if you had not first had infection in your nose. The openings to these hidden places are very small, and the little lanes leading in are lined with these hairlike processes that we have spoken of before—the ones that are always "waving in an outward direction." It is not uncommon to see a person close the nostrils with the handkerchief and blow violently for the purpose of clearing the nose of discharges. This is a very sure method of opening up the passages to the secret chamber, and depositing infection where it will do the most harm. Sometimes the mother will press the nostrils of a child firmly and implore it to "blow like a good boy." This is a very likely way to bring all the evils of mastoid, antral or sinus trouble on the good boy.

The "ounce of prevention" still maintains its proportion to the "pound of cure," and "little leaks" still sink great ships.

Our Sioux Indian Missions

(Continued from page 514)

Beadwork Bureau

We have just received a new shipment of beadwork, as the last one was almost exhausted, thanks to the good people who sent in their orders, and thus helped the poor Indian women to earn a living. The list includes:

Adult moccasins, (give length of foot in inches) \$2.00 and \$3.00; Buckskin handbags tastefully beaded, \$2.50; Doll moccasins, (small) 25¢; Larger size, (3 & 3½ inches) 75¢; Beautiful baby moccasins, buckskin, beaded, \$1.00; Pin cushions, beaded, 50¢; Woven necklaces, \$1.00; Amber beads, large, graduated, \$1.00; Indian war club, artistically beaded, \$1.00; Indian baby bonnet, 50¢; Coin purses, solid beading, 75¢; Boudoir caps, 25¢; Silk puff purses, 35¢; Solid beaded sports belts, \$2.00.

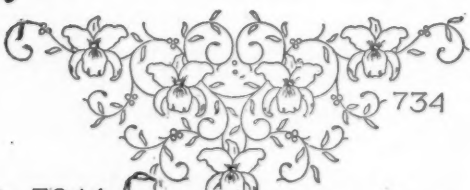
Help the missions! Purchase these articles as birthday gifts, for personal use, or as genuine Indian curios, and assist the most worthy charity in the U. S. Show them to your friends, and get them to order. Many of these articles were purchased by the missionary from Indian women who sorely needed the money for food. Address CLARE HAMPTON, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo.



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